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THE CONTINUOUS AEROPLANE-FLIGHT OF 420 HOURS, 21½ MINUTES: THE "ST. LOUIS ROBIN" BEING RE-FUELLED BY MEANS OF A PETROL-PIPE FROM A MACHINE FLYING ABOVE IT.



MR. DALE JACKSON.

On July 31, the aeroplane "St. Louis Robin," piloted by Mr. Dale Jackson and Mr. Forest Obrine, made a safe landing at Lambert, the St. Louis air-port, after having been flown continuously for 420 hours, 21½ minutes, and thus having broken the previous record by 173 hours, 38 minutes. During the flight, the machine was re-fuelled and re-provisioned some twenty times, and the airmen were also supplied with newspapers and letters. Each took his turn as pilot, and when they came to ground it was found that they had been able to bathe and to shave during their venture and to change their clothes. They had intended to fly for 500 hours, but, despite their insistent request, Major Robertson, the sponsor of the flight, ordered them to ground, owing to a very heavy rainstorm, which, in fact, made the actual landing hazardous. The airmen reported themselves fit, and doctors, examining them, confirmed this. They had flown at an average of a mile a minute throughout, and had covered a distance greater than the circumference of the earth at the Equator. At the moment of their passing the previous record, Major Robertson promised them £24 an hour for each further hour flown. In all, each airman received, it is reported, over £3400 in prizes, plus eighteen days' salary.



MR. FOREST OBRINE.



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

THE central place of a great daily paper was recently occupied by an article on Education in which a young man remarked that "the study of Latin and Greek is not of much use in the battle of life," and went on to demand that the young should be instructed chiefly in the science of Health—that is, in the facts and the functions of the body. The writer in question will be gratified to know that I, for one, consistently neglected to do any work at the school in which I was supposed to be learning Latin and Greek, though I am not sure that the mere fact of idleness and ignorance can be said to have armed and drilled me for the battle of life. But, when I consider such armour or armament, some faint memories come to me from the learning that I neglected. There flits across my mind the phrase *aes triplex*, and I remember how Stevenson used it for a title to his essay defending a cheerful contempt for medical fussing; and how he cited the example of Dr. Johnson, who dreaded death and yet disdained any vigilance against disease; and whose "heart, bound with triple brass, did not recoil before the prospect of twenty-seven individual cups of tea." It is, doubtless, terrible to think that Stevenson took his Stoical image of triple brass from a Latin poet; and still more terrible to think that Johnson would have approved of Stevenson for quoting the Latin poets. But though Stevenson and Johnson were superficially about as different as any two men could be in everything except in this weakness for traditional scholarship, I do not think that either of them can be said to have come off so badly in fighting the battle of life.

The trouble about always trying to preserve the health of the body is that it is so difficult to do it without destroying the health of the mind. Health is the most unhealthy of topics. Those who support such hygienic culture, always profess to be very practical, and compare their own healthy materialism with the visionary futilities of everybody connected with the classics, from Julius Caesar to Johnson. But, in fact, it is in practice that their practical ideal breaks down. There is no difficulty about talking and writing in general terms of the facts of nature, or what are commonly called the God-given functions of man. It is when people really begin to teach these things, as if they were algebra or geography, that they discover a surprising number of difficulties—not to say diseases. Upon this point of practical application I will only mention one example out of the article referred to above. The young man in question frankly admits that he would dislike having to read a list of hideous malformations or foul diseases to an infant school or a row of staring babies. He says that this might, doubtless, be inadvisable, and lead to morbid fears and fancies. Anyhow, he disapproves of such physiology in the nursery; every man has a sane spot somewhere. But he goes on to say that big boys, presumably towards the end of their school career, should have learnt to balance and appreciate such knowledge; and it is such knowledge which they ought above all things to know.

Now it seems to me that the argument is very much the other way. The period when many boys, we might almost say most boys, are capable of morbidly misusing a medical knowledge is exactly the period at which he proposes to give it to them. I imagine it would do, in comparison, precious little

harm to a child of five. If you talk to a child about an aortic aneurism, he will not be frightened; he will only be bored. If you talk to a boy of fifteen or sixteen about it, and give only a few fragmentary hints of what it is like, he will very probably come to the rapid conclusion that he has got one. All that is necessary is to have odd sensations round the heart: and digestion, or indigestion, will do that at any time of life, but rather specially at the time when digestion is tried by unripe apples or cobnauts before lunch. Youth is a period when the wildest

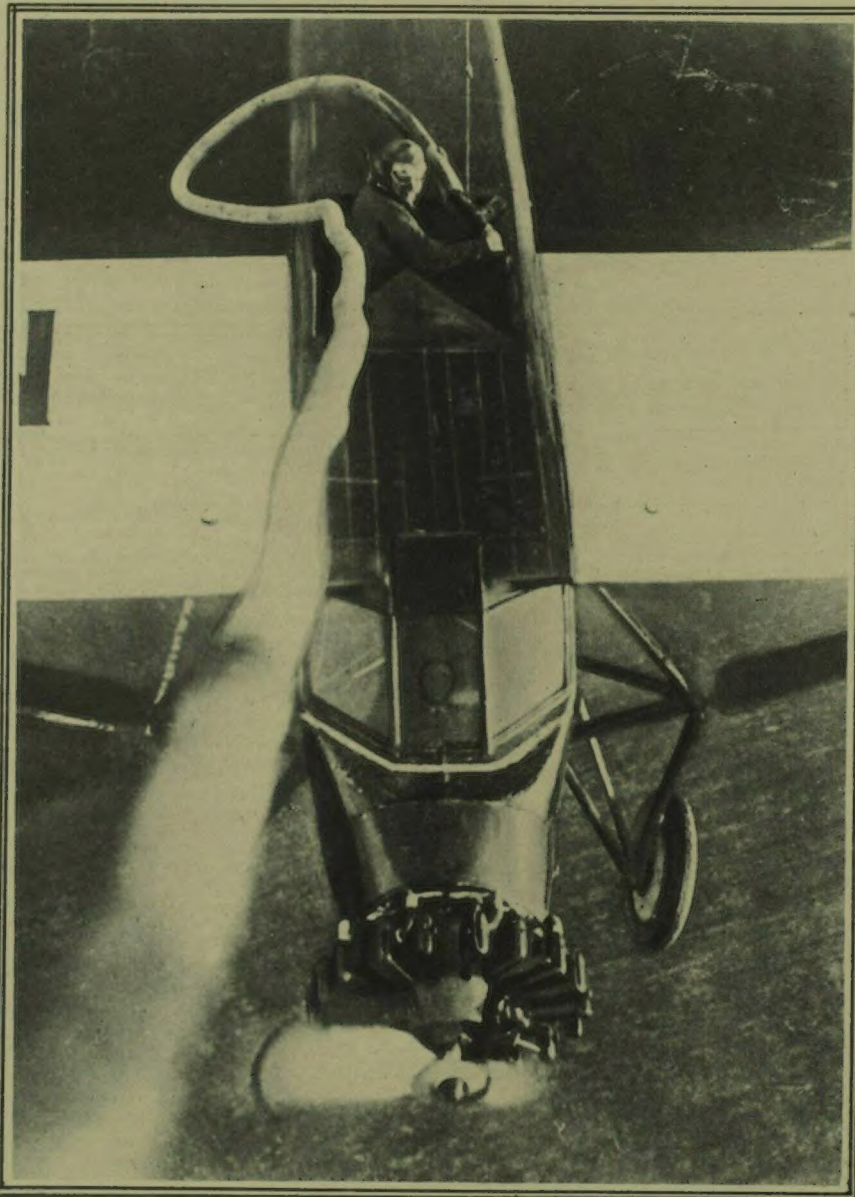
But the essential truth is that those who talk to us about facts have not faced the chief fact of all—and, indeed, the fact is also a paradox. Facts as facts do not always create a spirit of reality, because reality is a spirit. Facts by themselves can often feed the flame of madness, because sanity is a spirit. Consider the huge accumulations of detail piled up by men who have some crazy hobby of believing that Herodotus wrote Homer or that the Great Pyramid was a prophecy of the Great War. Consider the concrete circumstances and connected narratives that

can often be given at vast length and in laborious detail by men who suffer from a delusion of being persecuted, or being disinherited, or being the rightful King of England. These men are maddened by material facts; they are lunatics not by their fancies but by having learned too many facts. What they lack is proportion: a thing as invisible as beauty, as inscrutable as God. And when we thus realise the real problem of morbidity and medicine we may begin to catch a far-off glimpse of something distant, but not quite so dispensable as we had supposed; and find ourselves once more faintly conscious of the presence of the case for Classical Education, so useless in the battle of life!

What culture does, or ought to do, is to give a health of the mind that is parallel to the health of the body. It is ultimately a matter of intellectual instincts that are almost like bodily instincts. A sane man knows when something would drive him mad, just as a man standing up knows at what angle he would fall down. He does not have to calculate the angle with a mathematical instrument, or fall flat on his nose forty times in a series of scientific experiments. The body, like the mind, knows its own equilibrium. But it knows it better than the mind; because the problem is simpler, and the physical instincts are less paralysed by false teaching. Now the true teaching, which strengthens and steadies the mind so that it knows and rejects madness at sight, has, in fact, come down to us very largely from the culture of those great languages in which were written the works of the last Stoics and the first Saints, the Greek Testament and the Roman Law.

To be of the company of such men, to have the mind filled with such words, to remember the tone of their orators or the gesture of their statues, is to feel a steadying power upon the spirit and a love of large spaces and large ideas, rather than of little lunacies and secrecies. It is something that understands at once modesty and dignity; something that is never servility and never pride. It is the power in the mind that can

keep order among the virtues, often almost as dangerous as the vices. No catalogue of facts will give it; yet we can hear it instantly in the sound of some random Roman verse. That is why the great men I have named, so different in their natures, felt that the classics did count somehow in the battle of life. When Johnson says, "The shepherd in Virgil became acquainted with love, and found him a dweller among the rocks," we know that his rage against Chesterfield will never go beyond a grand restraint; when Stevenson says, "We have heard perhaps too much of lesser matters. Here is the door, here is the open air. *Itur in antiquam silvam*," we know that for such a mind lunacies will always be lesser matters and sanity be like the open air.



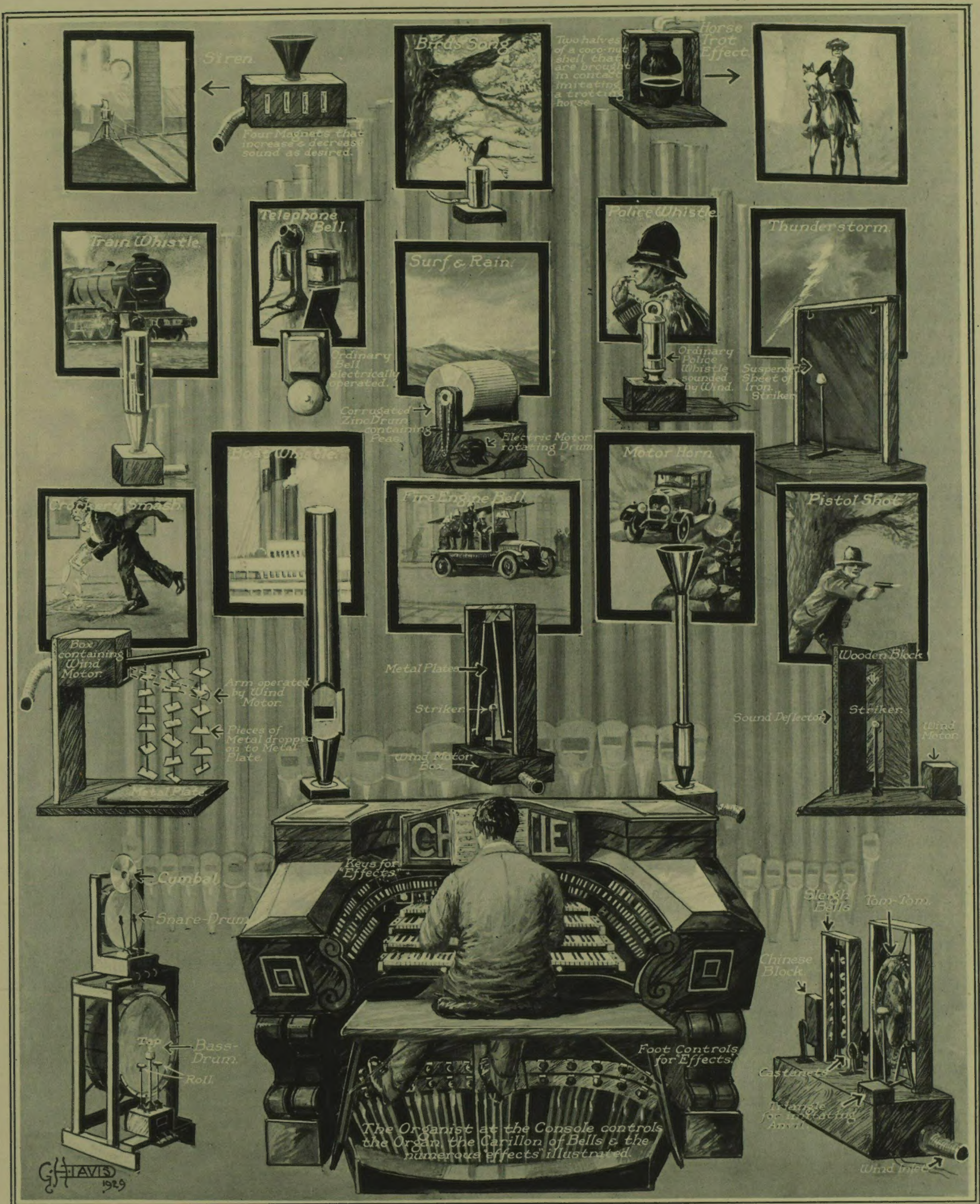
HOW AN AEROPLANE TAKES PETROL ABOARD WHILE IN FLIGHT: RE-FUELLING IN PROGRESS; SHOWING THE PETROL-PIPE, LEADING FROM A MACHINE FLYING ABOVE THE RECORD-SEEKER, IN THE HANDS OF AN AIRMAN IN THE LOWER MACHINE.

As we note on our front page, Messrs. Dale Jackson and Forest Obrine flew the other day continuously for 420 hours, 21½ minutes, their machine, of course, being re-fuelled during their venture. During the period in question, they took fresh petrol and provisions aboard some twenty times. This photograph does not show the "St. Louis Robin," but was taken on a kindred occasion, from a petrol-delivering machine.

external carelessness often runs parallel to the most gloomy and concentrated internal cares. An enormous number of normal youths are quite abnormal for a time. Their imagination is working inwards, and on nothing more commonly than on imaginary maladies. To throw a medical encyclopædia at the head of a young man in this condition is simply to provide him with a handbook of One Thousand Ways of Going Mad. A doctor once told me that even among medical students there is a perceptible proportion of this medical mania; and they have all the correcting elements of a special vocation, of a scientific atmosphere, and of more complete and, therefore, more balanced knowledge. Ordinary people receiving an ordinary smattering of such knowledge are very likely indeed to find that little knowledge a dangerous thing.

NOISES "PLAYED" FOR FILMS: WONDERS OF THE CINEMA ORGAN.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, G. H. DAVIS, FROM INFORMATION SUPPLIED BY MESSRS. W. HILL AND SON AND NORMAN AND BEARD, LTD. (COPYRIGHTED.)



THUNDER, SHOTS, AND TOM-TOMS CONTROLLED BY AN ORGANIST: A FILM-THEATRE ORGAN THAT CREATES "EFFECTS."

By no means the least of the many mechanical marvels to be found in the modern cinema is the organ. The moving-picture theatre's organ has revolutionised the organ-building industry, and the console which operates it is a maze of intricate mechanism. Take, for instance, the beautiful British-built "Christie" unit fitted in the Regal Theatre, Marble Arch, one of the finest and most artistic of its kind in the world. The largest pipe is 32 feet long, and, altogether, the huge apparatus occupies two tall chambers, with other rooms containing the electrically-driven blower and the electric motors, the whole controlled by the organist at the console, which may be termed the "brain" of the instrument. In the organ are no fewer than 250 miles of electric wire, 40,000 contacts, and 2500 pipes. Besides its ordinary work, the

console operates a thirty-two-note carillon and a twenty-five-note cathedral chime. In addition to this, provision is made for a number of "effects," the more interesting of which are illustrated on this page. For instance, there are wonderful imitations of steamship, train, and police whistles; the sound of aircraft; a pistol-shot; horses trotting; thunderstorms; surf and rain; tom-toms; and many more sounds that add to the realistic effect of the picture on the screen. Many musical instruments, such as the violin, marimba, harp, oboe, xylophone, celesta, and so on, are all produced by the organ itself, and a grand piano is also controlled. Should the organist's hands be fully occupied in playing the organ, stops are provided for working "effects" with the feet. A big Christie organ unit takes 550 workmen six months to build.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

HOLIDAY tasks are not a popular institution, though they do not, as a rule, weigh too heavily on the youthful mind. The reviewer is less fortunate than the schoolboy, for he cannot surrender entirely to the holiday mood: the weekly tale of books must still be told, and there is ever a stain of ink upon the summer sea!

Tastes differ as to what constitutes holiday literature. For most people, probably, it means a thriller by Edgar Wallace or Wills Crofts, or the like, and I also am not averse from such occasional frivolities, but (on this page at least) fiction is not in my line. Perhaps the best plan will be to chat about certain books that may induce the holiday spirit in readers whose free time is still to come—books,

of the Great War, which I quote (perhaps incorrectly) from memory—

But I was hearing a lonely pibroch
Out of an older War.
Farewell, farewell, farewell, MacCrimmon!
MacCrimmon comes no more.

Dr. Johnson and his faithful henchman crop up frequently in Mr. Seton Gordon's pages, and we are told how, on one occasion, the Doctor consumed so much tea that his hostess suggested he might prefer the slop-basin to a cup. These allusions bring me posting back to town for a time, in company with a charming book that has for frontispiece a contemporary drawing, done from life, entitled "Dr. Johnson in His Travelling Dress as Described in Boswell's 'Tour of the Hebrides.'" It is rather his Fleet Street haunts, however, that find record in "FAMOUS HOUSES AND LITERARY SHRINES OF LONDON." By A. St. John Adcock. With fifty-nine illustrations by Frederick Adcock (London and Toronto: J. M. Dent; New York: E. P. Dutton; 5s.). I make no excuse for classing London among holiday haunts, and Americans, at any rate will not quarrel with its inclusion in that category. In this delightful little volume by the Editor of the *Bookman* they will find all the guidance they want on the literary side.

Our Transatlantic visitors will be especially interested in the story of Shakespeare's six years' residence as lodger with a wig-maker (perhaps the Clarkson of his day), at the corner of Monkwell Street and Silver Street, details of which became known little more than two years ago. "Then (we read) an American professor, Mr. Charles William Wallace, came over and did what our English students do not appear to have had the energy or enterprise to do for themselves—he toiled carefully through the dusty piles of documents preserved in the Record Office, and succeeded in unearthing one of the most interesting Shakespearean discoveries that have ever been made." The result was to identify the spot where Shakespeare wrote ten of his plays, and to render "this corner of Monkwell Street the most glorious literary landmark in the world."

London has harboured such hosts of writing folk at various times that it is easy to find links between its "literary landmarks" and those of the western counties. Instances occur in two very attractive new volumes in Bell's Pocket Guides—namely, "DEVON" and "SOMERSET," both by S. E. Winbolt. With illustrations from Photographs by Edgar and Winifred Ward (G. Bell and Sons; 6s. each). Author and illustrators form an ideal combination, for Mr. Winbolt has delved deep in local history and, more literally, with the excavator's spade, on Roman sites in England, while Mr. and Mrs. Ward (whose work, by the way, has often figured in our own pages) have reduced landscape and architectural photography to a fine art. There could be nothing better of this kind than these compact little books, which present so much accurate information along with such exquisite pictorial souvenirs of the places described.

Mr. Winbolt is not mainly concerned, of course, with literary landmarks, as was Mr. Adcock in London, but has had to cover much other ground, historical and antiquarian. On such matters, therefore, he is naturally more concise. Thus, while Mr. Adcock quotes three stanzas from "In Memoriam" in reference to the fact that Arthur Hallam lived at 67, Wimpole Street, Mr. Winbolt cannot spare room for any part of the canto describing the old church at Clevedon, where, as the poet says of his friend—

Thy tablet glimmers to the dawn.

Fuller space is allotted, however, to a Somerset landmark of Coleridge, at Nether Stowey, where, as Mr. Winbolt recalls, he wrote "the best of his poetry—the *Ancient Mariner*, *Kubla Khan*, and the first part of *Christabel*."

Thoughts of another poet, who was addicted to drugs, arise as I look across a field, where I am now writing, to the monastery at Storrington, where Francis Thompson was cured of the pernicious habit. Storrington lies in the heart of the country whose remoter past is explored in "PREHISTORIC SUSSEX." By E. Cecil Curwen, F.S.A. With Foreword by O. G. S. Crawford, F.S.A. Copiously illustrated with photographs from the air and from the ground, and drawings by Robert Gurd (Homeland Association; 10s. 6d.). I can thoroughly recommend this book as one that makes the dry bones of pre-history live, and invests antiquarian lore with human interest.

"There are few more exhilarating open-air hobbies," writes Mr. Curwen, "that field archaeology. . . . It provides also a motive for rambles in the wilds. . . . Finally, this hobby satisfies two instincts common to most of us—those of hunting and collecting." Again, of certain prehistoric relics found at the camp on Mount Caburn, near Lewes, he says: "How fascinatingly human it all is! . . . Every one of the common little objects of everyday life has a

tale to tell of human beings who had just the same affections, hopes, and fears as ourselves." That is the spirit which, allied to scientific knowledge and skill, makes a book of this kind worth while.

Mr. Curwen refers frequently to the excavation work of Mr. Winbolt, and at one point his book makes contact with that of Mr. Seton Gordon, in an illustrated description of a primitive type of plough used by the crofters of Skye. He calls it a "caschrom," while Mr. Gordon (who gives a photograph of it in use to-day) divides the word into two—"cas chrom."

From the pre-history of an English county I now pass to an attractive little book devoted to the story, in historical times, of a single English town noted for its picturesque beauty and the survival of its old-world character. The book I mean is "BURFORD: PAST AND PRESENT." By M. Sturge Grettton, J.P., B.Litt. With Preface by the late W. Warde Fowler, D.Litt. Illustrated (Martin Secker; 7s. 6d.). Mrs. Grettton gives us here a revised edition of a work which Dr. Warde Fowler commended as "a new type of guide-book." Not the least interesting chapter is the last, with its fine character sketches of two Burford craftsmen of the old school, who thought more of their work than of their pay.

Francis Thompson naturally does not figure in "Pre-historic Sussex," but his name occurs in another book where those unfamiliar with his life might be surprised to find it—that is, in "THE SUMMER GAME." A Cricketer's Journal. By Neville Cardus (Grant Richards and Humphrey Toulmin; 6s.). In his early days at Manchester the mystical poet was a keen cricket "fan," and the author of these delectable essays quotes the stanza in which are immortalised two great Lancashire batsmen—

O my Hornby and my Barlow long ago.

In one fanciful essay Mr. Cardus contrasts the names, romantic and otherwise, of famous cricketers, and gives a "World Eleven" selected on euphonic principles, headed, of course, by Grace. It is amusing also to note the coincidences between names of celebrities in sport and graver pursuits. Thus in cricket annals we have a Woolley innocent of archaeology, a Freeman and a Macaulay not reputed to write history, and a Sidney Webb who never held office in a Labour Government. Further examples might be gathered from another cricket volume which will appeal strongly to all the subjects of King Willow—"THE TURN OF THE WHEEL": M.C.C. Team, Australia, 1928-9. By P. G. H. Fender. With a Preface by P. F. Warner.



TO SHOW THE CROW'S-NEST ON THE FOREMAST, WHOSE INTERIOR IS ILLUSTRATED OPPOSITE: THE "BREMEN" AT THE END OF HER RECORD-BREAKING CROSSING TO NEW YORK.

(See the Photograph on the opposite Page.)

that is, on travel and topography and sundry open-air pursuits. My own experience is that one does not read travel books much while actually travelling, any more than one reads books on cricket or tennis during the game. Their value is in suggestion or retrospect, before or after the journey or the match.

I lead off, then, with a large and beautifully illustrated volume that should cause many a Sassenach to emulate Dr. Johnson and undertake a Hebridean pilgrimage. It sets running in my head a vagrant line from Stevenson's "Songs of Travel"—

Over the sea to Skye—

and it recalls another echo of boyhood—that celebrated rendering of the Virgilian phrase, *carulei puppes*, as "Skye terriers." I have never been to Skye, but one of my earliest recollections is a landscape of Loch Coruisk and the peaks of the Black Cuillin, which looked like a vision of Fairyland. All the glamour and romance that belongs to the largest of the Hebrides is wonderfully conveyed in "THE CHARM OF SKYE": The Winged Isle. By Seton Gordon. With a Foreword by Macleod of Macleod, C.M.G., twenty-third Chief of the Clan; four plates in colour, and many pencil drawings by Finlay Mackinnon; also sixteen photographs by the author (Cassell; 15s.).

The distinguished writer of the foreword, whom the author hails as one "revered throughout the west," aptly indicates the scope and appeal of the book. "Everybody in Scotland and most people in England know the name of Seton Gordon as a keen and competent naturalist. Skye is an ideal field for such a man. The Cuillin, that magnificent range of hills described by Sir Walter Scott as 'rivaling in grandeur and desolate sublimity anything the Highlands can produce,' abounds in inaccessible crags, where the golden eagle can still rear its young in safety, while the precipitous cliffs which line the shore in many parts of Skye provide safe nesting-places for the peregrine falcon."

Mr. Seton Gordon gives masterly pen-pictures of Skye, with its sombre mountains and tempestuous seas, and recounts the antique legends and historical traditions, including early feuds between the clans of Macleod and Macdonald of the Isles, and in later times the adventures of Flora Macdonald and Prince Charlie. Very interesting, too, is the history of the famous old musical family of the MacCrimmons, whose college of piping at Boreraig was renowned in the seventeenth century; and from Mr. Seton Gordon (himself no mean piper) the Southron can learn exactly what is meant by a pibroch. All this throws a new light for me, on some verses from one of our poets



ON A VISIT TO PARIS: SIDI MOHAMMED, SULTAN OF MOROCCO, LEAVING THE ELYSÉE AFTER CALLING UPON THE FRENCH PRESIDENT.

His Majesty the Sultan Sidi Mohammed is the third son of the Sultan Moulay Youssef, who reigned from 1912 until his death in November, 1927.

Illustrated (Faber and Faber; 15s.). The author, himself a leading exponent of the game, went out as an onlooker on behalf of the *Star*, and has recorded every phase of the tour from which Chapman and his men "returned in triumph, not only with the Ashes, but with the loss of only the last Test." At the same time, he offers some candid criticism, which "Plum" Warner counters in his preface, on the work of the M.C.C. Selection Committee. This is a book to be added to every cricketer's library. At this point I regretfully reach the "close of play," and proceed to "draw stumps."

C. E. B.

THE RECORD-BREAKING "BREMEN": A PHOTOGRAPHIC CURIOSITY.



SUGGESTING THE INSIDE OF A WELL OR A BORING FOR A "TUBE" RAILWAY! THE INTERIOR OF ONE OF THE HUGE MASTS OF THE NEW SPEED-LINER, SHOWING THE LADDER LEADING TO THE CROW'S-NEST—A "LOOKING-UP" VIEW.

Anyone glancing quickly at this curious photograph might be excused if he thought that it showed the inside of a well or a boring for an underground railway. In point of fact, as we note above, it is a "looking-up" view of the interior of one of the huge masts of the new 46,000-ton North German Lloyd speed-liner "Bremen," which beat the "Mauretania's" Atlantic speed-record the other day. It may be added that the masts of most modern ocean-going vessels are hollow, although, to the uninitiated, they seem solid spars used for such light duties as the flying of flags, the support of wireless aerials, and so forth.

Actually, they serve various unsuspected purposes. Inside, for example, is an iron ladder which links the deck and the crow's-nest, for, in foggy weather or when ice may be seen, a look-out man is still stationed in that lofty eyrie, even as he was in the old whaling days. Now, however, discomfort is no longer considered essential to efficiency in a ship, and the look-out proceeds to his post by climbing up the inside of the mast, instead of having to cling precariously to the shrouds, exposed to the elements. The masts are also used as ventilating-shafts, and, in funnelless motor-ships, to house engine-room exhaust-vents.



Revealing Tell-el-Amarna: Recent Discoveries.



We promised in our issue of July 13 last that before long we would illustrate the Egypt Exploration Society's new discoveries at Tell-el-Amarna. We now redeem that promise, and give the following notes.

THE expedition, under Dr. H. Frankfort, the Director of Excavations for the Egypt Exploration Society, went to el-Amarna at the end of January.

a considerable complex of buildings, which, in all probability, formed the Tax Collector's house and offices. An open square is before it. Otherwise, the town-planning was done according to a primitive method.

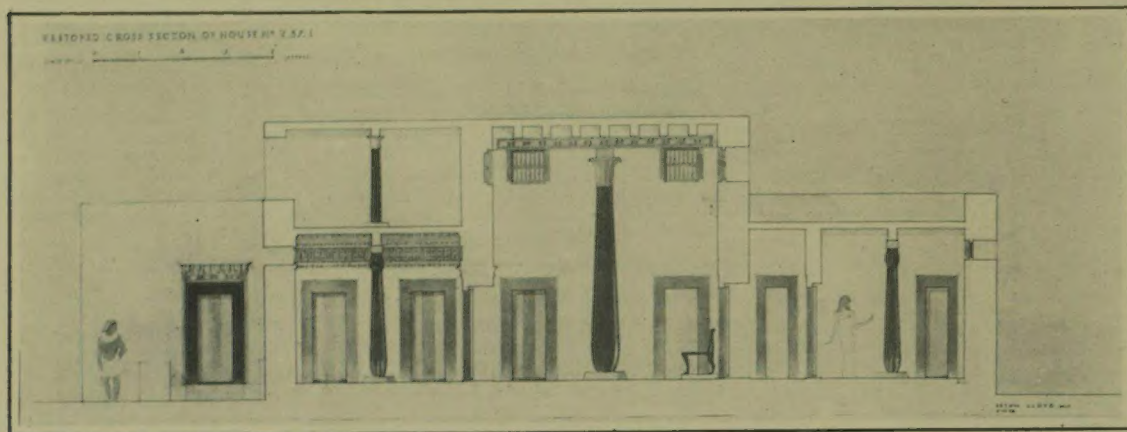
The main thoroughfares being reserved, the large estates were set out along them, although sometimes they occupied other sites; and the dependents

it was a police-station. If anything untoward occurred within the area to the north of the temple, a runner could reach this station by the shortest route, and, subsequently, nobody could pass the wadi at any point without being observed by the watcher at the station.

The north edge of the suburb also contains features never before found at el-Amarna. The wadi, it is demonstrated, was from three to four metres deeper in ancient times than it is now, and, therefore, the houses must have stood on a terrace.

These buildings were lavishly provided with store-rooms, and particularly with corn-bins, for this part of the suburb was a mercantile quarter. While the houses were entered from the south, the store-rooms were accessible from the north by means of long flights of stairs.

Finally, it should be recorded that the expedition, even as it did in 1926-7, found and saved very valuable information as to the interior decoration and arrangements of the houses, architectural parts such as beams and ceiling-coverings having left their imprint in the mud-plaster.



AT TELL-EL-AMARNA, WHERE TUTANKHAMEN SPENT HIS BOYHOOD AND THE FIRST MONTHS OF HIS REIGN:
A HOUSE—A RESTORATION BY SETON LLOYD, ARCHITECT TO THE EXPEDITION.

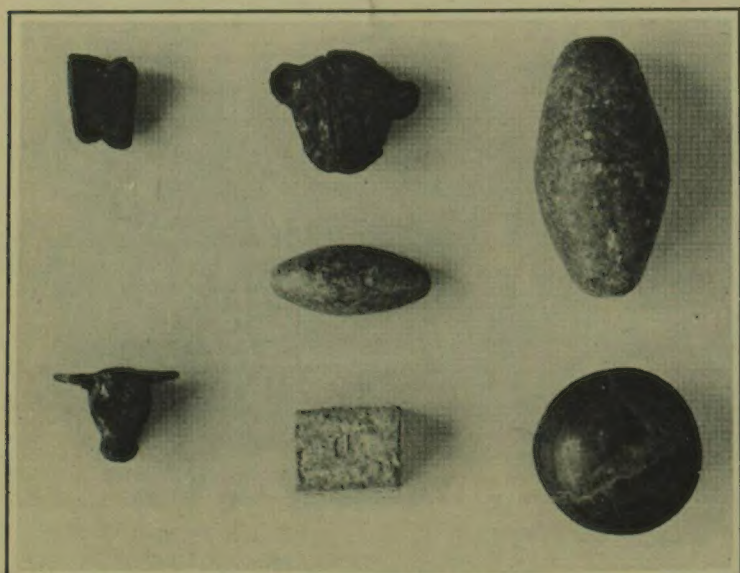
Work was confined to the northern suburb, and, consequently, discoveries of great historical importance—such as that of the Hall of Foreign Tribute had been in the previous season—were not to be expected. On the other hand, the plans recently exhibited show for the first time a complete architectural unit as schemed; and it is revealed that the northern suburb was enclosed on the north and south by a wadi, and on the west by cultivation which seems to have begun anciently very much where it starts now. Only a small group of unimportant, if intricate, buildings on the west of the suburb remain to be excavated.

The full measure of the insight shown in this ancient town-planning will only be gained when the main site has been fully excavated, and when the traces of the ancient roads which are to be found in the desert surrounding the town have been brought into connection with the thoroughfares of the town and its suburbs.

At present, it is possible to see that the suburb was cut through by two main roads running from north to south. The westernmost of these was the more important, as forming the direct link between the North Palace and the main town site, with its temples



SHOWING STORE-ROOMS ACCESSIBLE FROM THE NORTH BY LONG FLIGHTS OF STAIRS: HOUSES ON THE TERRACE IN THE NORTHERN SUBURB OF TELL-EL-AMARNA—A RECONSTRUCTION BY SETON LLOYD.



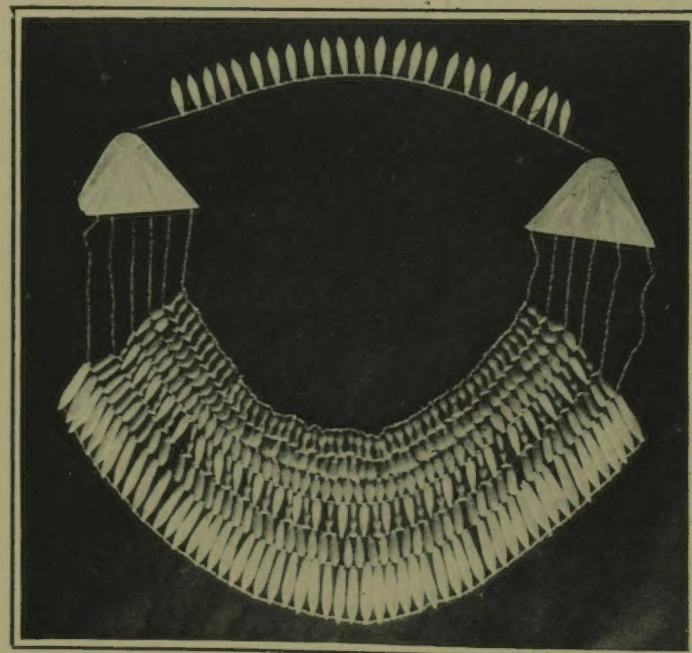
FOUND IN THE MERCHANTS' QUARTER: WEIGHTS OF VARIOUS MATERIALS—THREE IN THE SHAPE OF ANIMALS' HEADS.

and public buildings; and that importance is proved by the wealth of the estates bordering upon it.

As excavated, one distinct street leads from the west to the east road, ending at the latter in front of

of the nobles and the rich burghers, and the independent craftsmen and the small merchants, had to find place between these large estates. Some of the small houses have yielded clear evidence of having been set up simultaneously by a single contractor. Sometimes a large estate was planned, but was never occupied on the scale originally intended.

The differences between the houses, their lay-outs, and their general arrangements form a fascinating subject for study. Objects found in the houses belong to every sphere of domestic life. The only building constructed in the wadi between the temple and the northern suburb presents a remarkable feature. There is some likelihood that



FOUND IN ITS ORIGINAL STATE: A NECKLACE WHICH IS AKIN TO THOSE DISCOVERED IN THE TOMB OF TUTANKHAMEN. The necklace is of many-coloured faience pendants having the shape of cornflowers, poppy-petals, bunches of grapes, and lotus-petals. The clasps are of polychrome faience and represent lotus flowers.

FROM THE SCENE OF TUTANKHAMEN'S YOUTH: TELL-EL-AMARNA "FINDS."



WITH JARS BEARING MARKS SHOWING THAT THEY CONTAINED PRESERVED MEATS: A LARDER IN A PRIVATE HOUSE IN TELL-EL-AMARNA



THE BATH-ROOM OF A RICH MAN'S HOUSE IN TELL-EL-AMARNA: ON THE RIGHT, THE REMAINS OF A SHOWER-BATH AND ITS DRAIN.



A FINE EXAMPLE OF ANCIENT PORTRAITURE: A COURTIER.



A CHILD'S TOY THAT CARICATURES AKHENATEN ON A PLEASURE-DRIVE WITH ONE OF HIS DAUGHTERS! MONKEYS DRIVING A CHARIOT.



A RECENT "FIND": A VASE OF VARI-COLOURED GLASS.



FOUND IN ONE OF THE SMALLER HOUSES: A STATUE OF THE GOD BES, ON AN ALABASTER BASE. (ABOUT 6 IN. HIGH.)



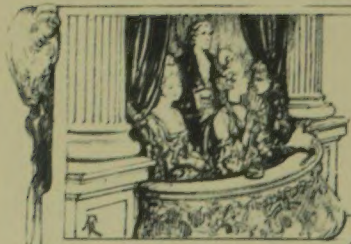
COURTIER OF AKHENATEN, KING TUTANKHAMEN'S FATHER-IN-LAW: A STATUE FOUND IN THE HOUSE OF A RICH MAN OF TELL-EL-AMARNA.



POSSIBLY SHOWING THE PROFILE OF THE QUEEN-MOTHER, TY: A RITUAL ORNAMENT OF BRONZE FROM TELL-EL-AMARNA.

Apart from their own intrinsic interest, these recent "finds" at Tell-el-Amarna should be of special moment to readers of "The Illustrated London News" just now, in that Tutankhamen spent his boyhood and the earlier months of his reign at Tell-el-Amarna, and that he was a son-in-law of Akhenaten. Indeed, there have been discovered at Tell-el-Amarna some faience ring-bezels, with Tutankhamen's cartouche, dating for the most part from the period during which he was still Tutankhamen, although there are two with the later form Tutankhamen. In connection with these, Dr. Frankfort remarks: "Rings with the ruling king's

name in this charming but cheap material were much worn in Egypt, and those found date, of course, from before Tutankhamen's return to Thebes and to orthodoxy." With regard to certain illustrations, we give the following notes. (1) In the larder were also wine-jars buried in the same way as the meat-jars and marked with the vintages, just as were those wine-jars of Tutankhamen which were illustrated in our last issue. (2) On the left are receptacles for unguents. (3) This toy, Dr. Frankfort notes, is a caricature of Akhenaten, who was pictured in this manner on pleasure-drives with one of his daughters.



The World of the Theatre.

By J. T. GREIN.



HOPE FOR THE NATIONAL THEATRE.—THE CHILDREN'S THEATRE.

NO sooner did the House meet with the new Cabinet than Mr. Robert S. Young put the following question on the paper: "To ask the Prime Minister if, in order to promote the artistic sincerity and dignity of Great Britain, and to encourage the best elements in the British Theatre, he will consider

rolling and let it run to death. He told me that he means to pursue the subject for all it is worth, and, reviewing the list of the Labour M.P.'s, I and many others who have pleaded year in year out for one theatre in the kingdom with "Art for Art's sake" on its pennant feel convinced that ere long

his effort will no longer be single-handed, but backed up by a phalanx of fellow-Members jealous of the artistic sincerity and dignity of Great Britain. All that is wanted is a site and a building, a matter of a few hundred thousands only, remembering that we have still sufficient in the Sir Carl Meyer Fund to supply ample working capital. Surely, if last week the Government granted £100,000 for a couple of pictures, there will be no grudging of, say, thrice the amount to erect a live monument for the perpetuation of our national drama, which, but for the valiant struggle of Miss Lilian Baylis at the Old Vic, would be entirely in the hands of commerce and speculation. The question of an annual subsidy need not at present be solved. If there is sufficient working capital to begin with—referred to above—it will probably not even be necessary to ask for an annual grant; for if the building is large, and the prices are accessible to all classes, as they should be, it is more than probable that the National Theatre would be self-supporting.

Meanwhile, and in order to be ready with an answer, if at the reassembly of Parliament the question becomes topical, it would be a good thing if the subject were widely discussed (and supported) in the Press, and an agreement could be reached as to who, by universal assent, should be the right man in the right place to lead the National Theatre. This is of even greater importance than site, bricks and mortar, and working capital. For he must be an artist and a practised hand; an idealist with a fund of common-sense; a leader of men and one above cliques and passing *emballements*; he must be in the flower of manhood, and with such universality of intent, of cosmopolitanism, of tact and

economy must prevail in every department. But that did not prevent Miss Luxton from creating scenic illusions which were quite as good, and certainly as artistic, as the display at many big West End houses. For she was surrounded by a clever battalion of the young generation, who could act, draw, paint, sew, make props—in fact, do all that is necessary in the theatrical "cuisine." From the beginning, her performances, some of which I described on this page, attracted a fair number of regular supporters, and all sorts and conditions of children could be seen queueing at the door when the hour of 5.45 approached. I have even seen little Drury Lane hangers-on lingering about with pleading eyes for the bounty of a threepenny-bit.

These urchins—some with their parents—were not the least enthusiastic "fans" of the little theatre. The show was a ray of sunshine in the drabness of their lives—and mostly it *was* an excellent show. How charming were those pantomimes, how idyllic those fairy tales, how bold, bluff, and brave those ballads and romances, how awfully funny some of those ensemble songs! Who could forget the naval battle and the tournament? The young shrieked, the old roared with laughter; here was humour that welled up from young minds, here was the enthusiastic effort of every man Jack and every girl Jill among the players to make us feel as "happy" as the song in "No, No, Nanette" ordains. Everything was in good taste; every word or line was fit for little ears; the directress and her henchmen never forgot that children have simple minds, and that one must stoop to conquer in the nicest sense of the word.

So the Children's Theatre became popular, but, despite full houses, it was often difficult to make the two ends meet, and father Luxton had often to dive into his purse to pay for his daughter's ideal. For one thing, the theatre was too small; frequently the demand exceeded the supply of seats; and, as I write, the little house is being overhauled in the hope of rendering it "more elastic"; and this means more expense. To cope with it, and to put the enterprise on a less speculative basis, Miss Luxton has formed the Seventy-Seventy Club, and appeals for subscribers of a guinea per annum who will become patrons of the theatre, receive all news in advance of the general public, have preference of booking, and will receive seats for an Annual Gala Performance. Surely, among the millions of London there



"BEES AND HONEY," AT THE NEW THEATRE: MR. CLIFFORD MOLLISON AS REGINALD MARMADUKE, FOURTEENTH EARL OF CAVENDER; MISS BETTY STOCKFELD AS MAY EDWARDS; AND MISS LOLITA LEE AS SADIE OGDEN.

the establishment of a National Theatre on lines somewhat similar to those followed by many European Governments?" Mr. Robert S. Young, a newly-elected M.P., of the Labour Party, is the right man in the right place. He is well known as a theatrical producer; he is married to a talented actress; he is an enthusiast of the cause. I think that for the present his question has not elicited a definite reply, but I understand that Mr. Clynes, the Home Secretary, is in sympathy with the idea, and has promised his support when the matter comes to the all-puissant authority, Mr. Philip Snowden, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, who, with his charming wife, in days out-of-office was often seen in the theatre, and vivaciously, at first nights. No one knows at present, how—and if the question finds favour with the Cabinet—Mr. Young's ideal may be realised. But it will be remembered that, on the last occasion when Labour was in power, Mr. Ramsay MacDonald held out the promise of a site on the Chelsea Embankment, and, I think, asked certain theatrical authorities to formulate a practical scheme, based on the organisation of the Comédie Française and on the leading Municipal Theatres in Austria and Germany. There were also rumours of certain *pourparlers* with a possible manager who would be approved by all factions of the kingdom; but, before any tangible result could be reached, the Government fell, and, with it, the hope of all earnest students of the Drama. During the Conservative régime, as far as I can trace, not a single voice in Parliament ever placed the question on the *tapis*. When the Conservatives are at the helm, the motto that once was uttered by a Dutch Cabinet Minister on an artistic proposal prevails in the country: "Art is no Government business."

However, now Hope springs eternal again, and Mr. Robert Young is not the man to set the ball

of foresight, that there is no danger of the theatre severing itself from its ideal mission, or becoming, as is one famous subsidised playhouse abroad, an occasional playground of nepotism, and of political and artistic dissensions.

Two years ago, Miss Joan Luxton, the young actress who appeared in "Marigold," discovered that London did not possess what every foreign country has, a Children's Theatre. So she made up her mind to found one. She approached young actors, and found a most willing response; she whipped around for plays suitable to the little folk, but which also would amuse their elders; she found a warehouse at No. 81, Endell Street, and, with the help of her father, an enthusiastic lover of the theatre and the little ones, she turned it into a *bonbonnière* of a playhouse, seating some hundred and twenty, all complete with lighting and scene-shifting apparatus; in a room upstairs she established her costume-factory; somewhere at the back she made a little studio where all the scenery could be painted. Of course, when a theatre holds but a small crowd, and prices vary from threepence to three-and-sixpence,



"BEES AND HONEY": MR. ALLAN AYNESWORTH AS DAWKINS, THE BUTLER, AND MR. CLIFFORD MOLLISON AS THE EARL OF CAVENDER.

"Bees and Honey," is the new farcical comedy by Mr. H. F. Maltby. "Bees and Honey," it may be remarked, is rhyming slang for "Money."

must be a sufficient number to lend a helping hand to plucky Miss Luxton, who has in the last two years so well "delivered the goods," and hopes to do more and to do better.

A CHALLENGER: A YACHT THAT IS BEING SHIPPED TO THE U.S.A.



TO COMPETE AGAINST AN AMERICAN DEFENDER IN THE RACES FOR THE SEAWANHAKA CUP IN LONG ISLAND SOUND:
THE 8-METRE "CARYL" (RIGHT), WHICH IS HERE SEEN RACING ON THE CLYDE WITH "COILA."

Mr. W. F. Robertson's eight-metre "Caryl," which has had considerable success on the Clyde, is to be shipped to the United States on August 14, in order that she may race against an American defender in the contests for the Seawanhaka Cup in Long Island Sound in September. The Royal Northern Yacht Club,

acting for Mr. Robertson, challenged for the Cup last year, and this challenge the Seawanhaka Corinthian Yacht Club accepted without delay. The "Caryl's" light-weather qualities are particularly good, and this is all in her favour, for the month in which she will sail in the States is one that is usually of light winds.

COWES WITHOUT THE KING AND HIS FAMOUS CUTTER PICTURESQUE INCIDENTS OF THE GREAT YACHTING FESTIVAL.



A STERN CHASE: BIG YACHTS THAT TOOK PART IN THE REGATTAS—"SHAMROCK," "WHITE HEATHER II," AND "CAMBRIA" SEEN FROM THE DECK OF "CANDIDA" (IN FOREGROUND).



A PRECARIOUS PERCH: A MEMBER OF THE CREW OF "WHITE HEATHER II." ALOFT IN THE RIGGING ENGAGED IN SETTING THE SAILS.



BOWLING ALONG UNDER FULL SAIL: ONE OF THE BIG YACHTS WHICH COMPETED IN THE EVENTS OF COWES WEEK WELL UNDER WAY.—A PORT SIDE VIEW OF THE GRACEFUL CRAFT CUTTING THROUGH THE WATER BEFORE A LIGHT BREEZE.



WITH THE SCUPPERS UNDER WATER: MR. H. A. ANDREAE'S "CANDIDA" (PARTLY SEEN IN THE FOREGROUND) OVERHAULING LORD CAMROSE'S "CAMBRIA"—BIG YACHTS AT COWES GOING AT FULL SPEED.

The fact that the King and Queen were unable to attend the great yachting festival at Cowes this year, owing to his Majesty's state of health, was a severe disappointment to all concerned, and the absence of the King's famous racing cutter, "Britannia," and of the Royal Yacht "Victoria and Albert" with her attendant war-ship, made a great difference to the historic scene in the Roads. The social side of the occasion on shore, of course, also suffered from the same cause. His Majesty's inability to take his customary part in the racing was the more regretted in that the sporting prospects were especially favourable. After some preliminary fixtures during the previous week, Cowes Week proper opened on Monday, August 5, with the Royal London Yacht Club's regatta. This was followed by the principal event—the annual four-day regatta of the Royal Yacht Squadron, from August 6 to 9—and the concluding fixture is

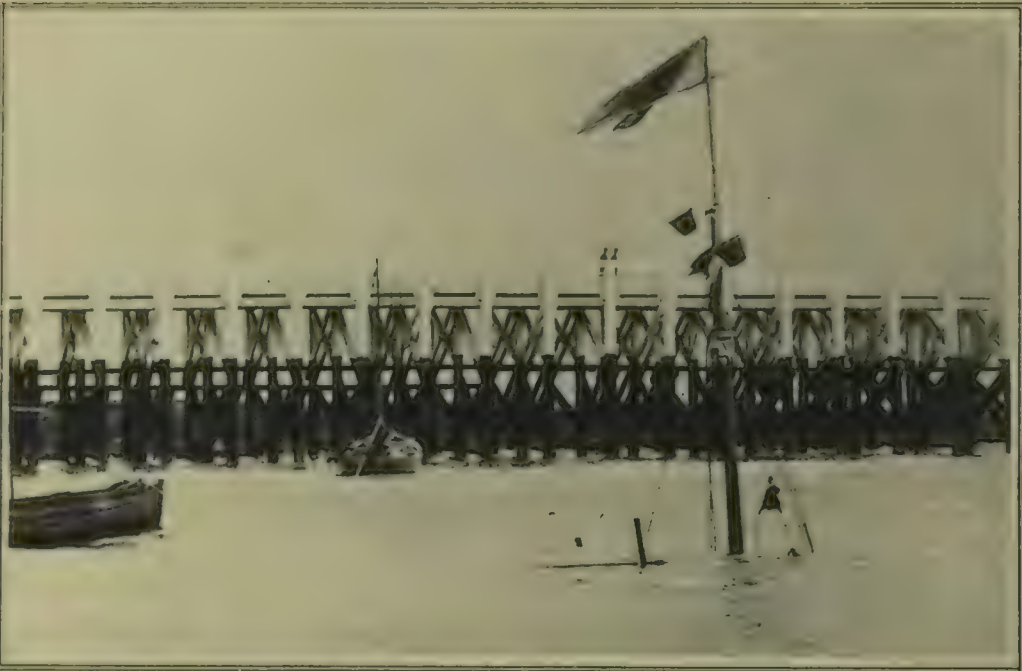
that of the Royal Southern Yacht Club, arranged for Saturday, August 10. As usual, the chief interest has centred in the big racing yachts, which this time included a newcomer, Mr. H. A. Andrae's "Candida." In the same class are also Sir Thomas Lipton's "Shamrock," Lord Waring's "White Heather II," Lord Camrose's "Cambria," Mr. A. A. Paton's "Lulworth," and Mr. F. T. B. Davis's "Westward." It has been pointed out that Sir Thomas Lipton's green cutter "Shamrock" should not be confused with his "Shamrocks" I, II, III, or IV, which in previous years have challenged for the America Cup. "White Heather" and "Lulworth" are also cutters, while "Cambria" and "Candida" are Bermuda-rigged yachts. The rivalry between these two types of rig has lent additional interest to the racing.

HAPPENINGS AT HOME AND ABROAD: NOTABLE EVENTS AND OCCASIONS.



THE BRITISH EMPIRE'S GIFT TO THE FRENCH MEMORIAL CHAPEL AT NOTRE DAME DE LORETTE: THREE OF THE SIX NEW STAINED-GLASS WINDOWS.

Six stained-glass windows, given by the Imperial War Graves Commission on behalf of the Governments and peoples of the British Empire, in the Memorial Chapel of the French national war cemetery at Notre Dame de Lorette, facing Vimy Ridge, were ceremonially presented, on August 4, by Mr. Thomas Shaw, Chairman of the Commission and Secretary of State for War. The windows commemorate the British dead who afterwards fought over the same ground as the French, and form a tribute of gratitude to the French people for their help to the Commission's work.



AN EXCURSION-BOAT DISASTER NEAR THE SCENE OF THE "VINDICTIVE'S" EXPLOIT AT OSTEND: THE MAST OF THE SUNK "JOSEPH III." ABOVE WATER.

A fatal collision between two excursion motor-boats occurred at Ostend, on Sunday, August 4, near the spot where H.M.S. "Vindictive" was sunk to block the channel in May, 1918, after her exploit at Zeebrugge. The "Joseph III.", with fifty-five holiday-makers on board, was coming into harbour just as a larger pleasure-boat, the "Knocke," was leaving. The "Knocke" struck the "Joseph III." amidships, and the latter sank. The death-roll was given as fifteen.



NEW RECONSTRUCTION OF MINOAN ART IN THE PALACE AT KNOSSOS: A LOGGIA WITH A SHIELD FRESCO AND SPIRAL BAND, AS RESTORED BY SIR ARTHUR EVANS.

Sir Arthur Evans, the famous archaeologist who for thirty years has been excavating the Palace at Knossos, has recently described (in the *Times*) his latest work of conservation and reconstruction on the site, in view of the forthcoming third volume of his book "The House of Minos." "It is in the area marked by the 'Grand Staircase' and the 'Hall of the Double Axes,'" he writes, "that the most impressive results have been attained. The replacement in



CAPTAIN SCOTT'S OLD SHIP BOUND AGAIN FOR THE ANTARCTIC: THE "DISCOVERY" IN THE EAST INDIA DOCK BEFORE HER RECENT DEPARTURE.

The "Discovery," in which Captain Scott made his first Antarctic Expedition in 1901-4, has been lent by the British Government for the new Antarctic Research Expedition, under Sir Douglas Mawson, organised by the Australian Government. She left East India Dock on August 1, and is due in October at Cape Town, where she will take on board Sir Douglas and his scientific staff.



A CAR CRASHES THROUGH THE PARAPET OF STAINES BRIDGE ON TO THE TOWPATH BELOW: THE WRECKED VEHICLE UPSIDE DOWN.

Early on August 5 a saloon car containing five men crashed through the parapet of the bridge over the Thames at Staines, and fell on to the tow-path 25 ft. below. One of the occupants, Mr. Henry Pogch (said to be an American visitor), was killed, and the others were injured, two very seriously.



HUNG WITH REPLICAS OF MINOAN SHIELDS (AS REPRESENTED IN THE FRESCO ADJOINING): THE CENTRAL PART OF THE "HALL OF DOUBLE AXES," KNOSSOS.

replica of the magnificent fresco of Minoan eight-shaped shields, along a spiral band that had bordered the first floor 'loggia' of the stairway has now been completed and contrasted with the analogous spiral band . . . of the great hall below, where, however, the shields were conspicuous by their absence. . . I have . . . (had) two fresco representations and shields reproduced in their original form and colours . . . and set in their places in the central compartment of the hall."

FOR THE UNITED STATES: A FAMOUS TAPESTRY FROM KNOLE.

By COURTESY OF MESSRS. SPINK AND SON, KING STREET, ST. JAMES'S, S.W.1.

THE TAPESTRY FROM THE CHAPEL AT KNOLE: THE LEFT-HAND HALF.

Seven subjects are dealt with in the tapestry. They are: Jesus sent by the Chief Priests to Pilate (top left of the left-hand section); Jesus, sent by Pilate to Herod (right of the left-hand section); Jesus sent back by Herod to Pilate (bottom left of the right-hand section); Judas casting down

(Continued in Box 2.)



THE TAPESTRY FROM THE CHAPEL AT KNOLE: THE RIGHT-HAND HALF.

the blood-money (top left of the right-hand section); Jesus scourged by order of Pilate (centre of the right-hand section); Jesus mocked in purple and crowned with thorns (bottom right of the right-hand section); and Jesus given over to Pilate to be crucified (top right of the right-hand section).



The sale is announced, by Messrs. Spink, of the famous late-fifteenth century Gothic tapestry hanging in the Chapel at Knole. It has been disposed of to Mr. Robert Treat Paine, 2nd, and it is understood that he is arranging for its acquisition by the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston, Massachusetts. The tapestry, which is in an exceedingly fine state of preservation, measures

13 feet by 29 feet. It was given to the Chapel, in about 1510, by Archbishop Warham, who was then occupying Knole. For convenience, our photograph is reproduced above in two sections. Our readers will have no difficulty in fitting the right-hand photograph to the left: the pillar on the right of the left-hand section is that on the left of the right-hand section.

50,000 SCOUTS AND 42 COUNTRIES: THE GREAT COMING-OF-AGE JAMBOREE.



IN THE UNITED STATES SECTION OF THE CAMP:
REDSKIN WIGWAGS.



WITH SPRINGBOK NOTICE-BOARD:
SCOUTS FROM SOUTH AFRICA.



SHOWING ELABORATE ORNAMENTATION ABOUT THEIR
FLAG-STAFF: INDIAN SCOUTS AT A CAMP CEREMONY.



WITH THEIR
COLOURS:
SCOUTS FROM
EGYPT.



SHOWING TWO OF THE BABY ALLIGATORS BROUGHT
AS PRESENTS FOR DISTINGUISHED SCOUTS: A SCOUT
FROM FLORIDA.



VERY MUCH IN THEIR ELEMENT: UNITED STATES
SCOUTS GIVE A RED INDIAN WAR-DANCE WITH MUCH
ENERGY AND ENTHUSIASM.



WITH HARP
AND SHAMROCKS
ABOVE THE
GATEWAY
TO THEIR
CAMP:
SCOUTS
FROM THE
IRISH
FREE STATE.



REHEARSING THEIR SPECIAL JAMBOREE "TURN": CINGALESE
SCOUTS IN A DANCE BEFORE A CHIEFTAIN.



CARRYING A FLAG SURMOUNTED BY THE SCOUT FLEUR-DE-LYS: RUSSIAN
REFUGEE BOY SCOUTS IN THE CAMP AT ARROWE PARK, BIRKENHEAD.



SETTING UP
THEIR
BOW-AND-
ARROW
EMBLEM:
FRENCH
BOY SCOUTS
AT THE
JAMBOREE.



REHEARSING A NATIVE DANCE FOR THEIR FELLOW
SCOUTS: BOYS FROM NIGERIA.



WINDING THEIR HORNS: DANISH BOY SCOUT
TRUMPETERS.



WITH THEIR EMBLEM, A RAM:
DERBYSHIRE BOY SCOUTS.



MUSIC FROM INDIA: SCOUTS FROM THE NORTH-WEST FRONTIER IN THEIR
SECTION AT THE ARROWE PARK CAMP.



GROUPED OUTSIDE THEIR MAIN TENT: PICTURESQUELY-GARBED BOY SCOUTS
FROM PALESTINE, IN ARROWE PARK, BIRKENHEAD.

The Jamboree in Arrowe Park, Birkenhead, in celebration of the coming-of-age of the Boy Scout Movement, is being attended by fifty thousand Boy Scouts from all parts of the world, representatives of forty-two countries. It was opened by the Duke of Connaught, President of the Boy Scouts Association, on July 31, and, as we note elsewhere, was visited by the Prince of Wales, Chief Scout of Wales. In his address, the Duke said: "We are assembled here to-day to celebrate the coming-of-age of a great social movement whose far-reaching and world-wide influence no man can adequately measure. Beginning twenty-one years ago, who could then have imagined that the small camp at Brownsea Island would one day, and within a generation, number two millions, embracing lads of every country, of every race, and of every creed—all imbued with the same high ideals, and all carrying aloft the same banners of mutual service and brotherhood? It is a very ennobling spectacle, which will assuredly leave its mark on the future of mankind, and to which statesmen of a latter day will bear willing testimony. . . . Young as the Scout movement still is, it has a record of deeds rich in self-sacrifice and heroism. No fewer than ten

thousand British Scouts gave their lives for their country in the Great War, while eleven Scouts won the Victoria Cross, and over one thousand received special decorations. The movement is not military, and has no military significance, but is intended solely to train boys to be capable and useful citizens. . . . The Scout movement has now been adopted by forty-two foreign countries. The watch-words are spoken in every tongue, and its hands of brotherhood are clasped across the seas from shore to shore. . . . The future historian will rank the Scout movement as one of the great landmarks of our time, and will add the name of its founder to the roll of the world's reformers. . . . To-day the nations of the world are engaged in repairing the ravages of the Great War and in laying the foundations of a lasting peace. To human hands and human hearts the task is confided, and in its accomplishment the youth of our time must bear a worthy part. . . . I read in your faces the hope and promise of a better world, and in the light of your eyes is the dawn of a better day. One word more: Always treasure the memory of this great day; hold fast to your faith; and keep the Scout Law."

THE JAMBOREE: "B.P.", THE PEER AND LL.D.; AND THE PRINCE OF WALES.



IN HIS NON-REGULATION SHORTS, WHOSE ENDS CAN BE TURNED DOWN TO COVER THE KNEES: THE PRINCE OF WALES AT ARROWE PARK.



THE PRINCE FLIES TO THE JAMBOREE, DESPITE UNPLEASANT WEATHER: HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS (X) WALKING FROM HIS CAR AT HENDON TO GO ABOARD HIS AEROPLANE



WHERE THE PRINCE SPENT THE NIGHT AT THE WORLD JAMBOREE AT ARROWE PARK, BIRKENHEAD: HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS'S QUARTERS IN THE GREAT BOY SCOUTS' CAMP.

THE NEW PEER: SIR ROBERT BADEN-POWELL, UPON WHOM THE KING HAS CONFERRED A BARONY, AFTER HAVING RECEIVED THE DEGREE OF LL.D.



THE OPENING OF THE JAMBOREE BY THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT: HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS, WHO IS PRESIDENT OF THE BOY SCOUTS ASSOCIATION, GREETING CANADIAN SCOUTS AT ARROWE PARK.



BLOWING THE KUDU HORN WHICH HE USED TWENTY-ONE YEARS AGO AT THE FIRST EXPERIMENTAL BOY SCOUT CAMP: SIR ROBERT BADEN-POWELL, THE CHIEF SCOUT, AT THE JAMBOREE.

The Duke of Connaught is the President of the Boy Scouts Association, and, in that capacity, he opened the Jamboree at Arrowe Park, Birkenhead, on the afternoon of July 31. The actual inauguration ceremony was heralded by the blowing of a blast by the Chief Scout on the Kudu horn used at Brownsea Island twenty-one years ago, when the first experimental Boy Scout Camp was held. It was announced on August 1 that the King had been pleased to confer a Barony of the United Kingdom upon Sir Robert, and on that same day he received the honorary degree of LL.D. of Liverpool University. On August 1, the Prince of Wales, who is the Chief Scout for Wales, flew from Hendon to Hooton. There he was received by the Lord Lieutenant of Cheshire. He then drove to Birkenhead, at the boundary of which the Chief Scout met him. A brief

civic ceremony at the Town Hall followed; the Prince inspected members of the British Legion; and then his Royal Highness proceeded to Arrowe Park, where he received a number of officers and others, dined privately with Sir Robert Baden-Powell, attended a performance at the camp theatre, and stayed the night. It was noted that he wore non-regulation shorts, and he explained that the ends of these could be turned down to cover the knees, as "slacks" would. On the following day, he inspected the sections of the camp and gave an address that was broadcast from the Rally Ground.

THE WAY TO JIMMA! A CAR FOR WHICH A SULTAN IS MAKING ROADS.



THE DIFFICULTIES OF DELIVERING A MOTOR-CAR IN REMOTE ABYSSINIA! TACKLING A "ROAD."



IN A RIVER HALF-A-MILE WIDE: THE CAR FORDING THE GHIBBE.



A SPECIMEN OF A MUCH "METALLED" ROAD! THE CAR ON A TRACK IT HAD TO TRAVERSE.



ERECTED SPECIALLY FOR THE PASSAGE OF THE MOTOR-CAR: A TEMPORARY BRIDGE ACROSS A DEEP STREAM ON THE WAY FROM ADDIS ABABA.



FOLLOWING A MULE PATH, AND BY NO MEANS WITHOUT DIFFICULTY: THE CAR CLIMBING A ROCKY SLOPE.



DESCRIBED AS BY NO MEANS THE WORST PATH ENCOUNTERED: AN ABYSSINIAN "ROAD."



THE POTENTATE WHO ORDERED THE CAR: THE SULTAN OF JIMMA (UNDER THE UMBRELLA).



"FLANDERS MUD" IN REMOTE ABYSSINIA: THE CAR WITH ITS WHEEL-HUBS DEEP IN THE MIRE.

The delivery of a motor-car sounds easy enough in these days, but there are deliveries and deliveries: witness our photographs, which show a Vauxhall Bedford saloon on the way from Addis Ababa to Djiren to its purchaser, the Sultan of Jimma. No roads connect the two places. As a result, the car had to travel over the mule-caravan track, and the journey took fourteen days for the 230 miles. Four rivers had to be bridged by means of felled trees, and a runway into and out of another river had to be cut before it could be forded. At another point

of the route it was necessary to build a funnel round the carburetter and put an elbow on the exhaust so that the car could be driven through a wide stream without water entering the engine. The general state of the "roads" is well illustrated on this page. Obviously, there are no true roads in Jimma, but the Sultan has begun building some, and within ten days of receiving his car he had had thirty miles made! At present, all supplies of petrol, oil, and other necessities for the car go by mule-back caravan.

THE STRUGGLE OF DESIRES.

By **SIGNOR GUGLIELMO FERRERO,**

the distinguished Italian Philosophical Historian; Author of "The Greatness and Decline of Rome," "Ruins of the Ancient Civilisations," etc.

We continue here our monthly series of articles by Signor Ferrero, dealing with world politics as that famous modern historian sees them and interprets them. The views set forth in the series are personal and not necessarily editorial.

FOR the last ten years, American "prohibition" has been much discussed throughout the world. Everyone knows the details of this question. In 1919 an amendment was introduced into the American Constitution (No. 18) forbidding "the fabrication, sale, and transport of intoxicating beverages in the United States and all territories under its jurisdiction, and their importation and exportation as drinks." A few months later, the "Volstead Act" established that all liquor containing at least a half per cent. of alcohol should be considered as an intoxicating liquor. So thus it was that even the two historic drinks of Græco-Latin Europe and of Germanic Europe, wine and beer, were proscribed.

M. André Siegfried, in his admirable book on the United States, showed how Prohibition was a brilliant victory for the old Puritan spirit which had created America. It would be wrong, however, to consider it as a natural manifestation of the ancient American tradition, awakened by the enormous influx of emigration which threatened to submerge it. There was something in this event which was extraordinary and unique, of which Europe does not yet seem to have become aware. Rome also knew the Puritanism which forbade women to drink wine and limited its use by the men to solemn banquets. But that was at the time of her poverty, when Rome was lost among the small barbaric Powers of the Peninsula. As soon as Rome became rich and powerful, the god Dionysius installed himself as a master within her walls, and no one thought of proscribing him. Mahomet succeeded in imposing abstinence from drink upon his followers; but he spoke to them as a prophet who reveals the will of God: his work was to convince a poor population for whom wine was a luxury, and he gave them compensations in love.

The Americans are the richest nation of the earth, and a democracy whose people must consent to all sacrifices, even the heaviest, which the law exacts from them. In that democracy the people are represented by more than a hundred million human beings. Their manners and customs were already subjected to Puritanic severities, and that democracy, after long discussions and fierce struggles, had the strength to impose upon itself total abstinence from all intoxicating liquors, and this at the end of the war—that is to say, at the moment when their riches were at their height.

From that point of view, it is no exaggeration to say that the triumph of Prohibition in America is one of the most extraordinary historical events—indeed, almost a unique case. Therefore, we must not be surprised if the Americans do not all bow down before this duty of abstinence with the unanimous resignation and docility of the Mussulman. Prohibition in America has many opponents who fight it both by action and theory. The men of action of the anti-Prohibitionist movement are, often enough, smugglers who make fortunes out of importing and selling the forbidden liquor clandestinely; the theorists are those who use speeches, their pens, and their liberty in endeavouring to induce the sovereign people to be more indulgent with themselves, and not to refuse themselves at least the innocent joys of the wine and beer which their brothers in Europe like so much. But the partisans of Prohibition defend their work with tooth and nail. Many well-organised actions are fought; they bring constant pressure to bear upon the Government for the vigorous repression of contraband; and they oppose their unceasing propaganda to that of their adversaries.

The discussion continues, develops, begins again. . . . There is nothing new about that: the United States have

always been a disputing collectivity at grips with themselves in some great quarrel. But some grouping of forces and interests in that struggle are, on the contrary, new and deserve study. If Prohibition is a creation of Puritanism, Catholics and Lutherans are anti-Prohibitionists. The majority of Catholic Americans have not forgotten the wine countries from which they came; and the Lutherans, who are nearly all of German origin, have remained faithful to the beer of which the creator of Lutherism was so very fond. In the struggle for or against Prohibition we find the Pope and Luther allied against Calvin. But neither is Calvin alone in the fight against wine, beer, and all the burning family of alcohols; he has found an unexpected ally in the motor-car. The Prohibitionist propaganda is largely supported by the great motor-car manufacturers. For what reason?

The American captains of industry have been mainly favourable to Prohibition, just as their workmen were mainly against it. The manufacturers hoped that on the day on which their workmen ceased to drink they would

"saloons" because they hope that the workman will spend in petrol for his motor-car the money which formerly he spent in drink.

From this point of view, the alliance between Calvin and the motor-car has a universal significance. It allows us to study a new struggle which is beginning to be a lively one and is destined to become increasingly ardent; the struggle between needs, pleasures, and luxuries. The European American civilisation of the nineteenth century differs from contemporary Asiatic civilisation and preceding civilisations by the multiplication of its needs, the vulgarisation of its luxuries and pleasures, and by its increased activity. In Europe and America for a century past, each generation works, produces, and consumes in increasing quantities; the amount of riches produced grows annually with the increased rapidity of the operations necessary either to produce them or to consume them. Sometimes the increasing needs of all classes of society are deplored, while, at the same time, the duty of increased production

is proclaimed. . . . It is obvious that a contradiction exists in these two states of mind, for what would be the use of producing so much riches if they were not to be consumed? But it is necessary that people should want them if they are to be used. The multiplication of needs, pleasures, and luxuries, no matter how inconvenient they may be, will be a necessity so long as an irresistible impulse impels Europe and America to multiply the goods of the earth.

But, in presence of so many different kinds of benefits the desire for them cannot be a simple state of mind which is easily brought to life of itself. At the beginning of the industrial era the new desires had to fight against the traditional spirit, distrust of novelties, the religion of stability, and the slowness which old qualitative civilisations had bequeathed to the nineteenth century. It would make an amusing book if there could be dug up the objections that were made to the novelties of the last two centuries on their first appearance. For instance, in the eighteenth century chocolate raised the religious scruples of certain rigorists, who considered it too heating! In 1840 some audacious spirits wanted to endow Turin, which was then the capital of the Kingdom of Sardinia, with a line of horse omnibuses. The Government's permission was asked. The Government was sorely perplexed, and consulted the Senate, which was at that time a sort of Council of State. The Senate declared that a carriage in which social classes might be mixed would be a dangerous novelty, and that a monarchical and Catholic State could not admit it!

The new spirit has triumphed in three generations. The crystallised psychology of the old qualitative civilisations has melted in the growing heat of our epoch. We live in a fluid society. We teach the new generations from their earliest childhood to be enthusiastic for all new things; to believe that everything that is new is better than what is old; to change their habits; to multiply their wants; to go from place to place; to hurry. Without that psychological fluidity, the enormous growth of the world's wealth would not have been possible. But a new difficulty has arisen—the struggle among desires.

One must buy what one uses, and, in order to use it, time and activity are required. One cannot read when one is driving in a motor-car. One cannot read a novel and go to a cinematograph at the same time. One cannot go to the races or drink at the public-house while one is at the cinematograph. Time can only be expanded up to a certain point. A rich man can enjoy many different pleasures lavishly; a person in more modest circumstances must pay for every enjoyment by numerous renunciations. But the rich are everywhere in a small minority. Every man's capacity for consumption is limited by his capacity for production.

(Continued on page 272.)



A SOVIET AEROPLANE ON A "GOODWILL" TOUR: A RUSSIAN WELCOME ON THE ARRIVAL OF THE "WINGS OF THE SOVIET" AT CROYDON AERODROME.

The "Wings of the Soviet," which is on what is termed officially a "goodwill" tour of Europe, arrived at Croydon Aerodrome the other day. It started from Moscow on July 10, and, before making for London, visited Eerlin, Paris, and Rome. It was constructed at the Central Aero-hydro Dynamic Institute of the Soviet Union; can carry twelve passengers; and has Titan motors, each of 250-h.p. Recently, it was engaged on long-distance flights in Russia.

work more and better. It seems that they did not deceive themselves on this point. The ascetic discipline of Prohibition is much more serious for the workmen than for the rich, because it is more difficult for them to break the law. While they submit to it grumblingly, they themselves, and their work, profit largely by the advantages of sobriety.

But it is not for that reason that industry and the motor-car join hands together with Calvin against the Pope and Luther. During the last six years, thanks to the high salaries which they earn and to the ingenious combinations of systems of credit, many American workmen have been able to buy a motor-car. They use it daily for getting to their work and for joy-riding on Sundays. The workmen in America to-day form a sufficiently important body of customers to make it worth while for the big manufacturers to take constant pains to keep and augment their custom. But, although he is richer than the European workman, the American workman is not yet a millionaire. A motor-car represents such an important item in his budget that it necessitates economies in other directions. The manufacturers of motor-cars see in the public-house a formidable competitor; they favour the law which closes

"A Lion is Dangerous—So Are The Sun's Rays": African Studies.

FROM THE PICTURES BY ARTHUR WARDLE. (COPYRIGHTED.)



Continued.

I mean that the courage, intelligence, health and laudable purpose—by his own kind's standards—that should mark the human gentleman, also marks the lion. A lion is dangerous—so are the sun's rays, a volcano, Niagara Falls, and a ring champion—when one offers them an impertinent intimacy. A lion fights like a demon. . . . A lion kills to eat. . . . Daily he devours the flesh of his prey. So do you and I. . . . A lion does not, except for food, kill nor fight nor interfere with other living creatures. That is more than can be said of most human beings."

"A LION DOES NOT, EXCEPT FOR FOOD, KILL NOR FIGHT NOR INTERFERE WITH OTHER LIVING CREATURES"—A LIONESS STALKING ANTELOPE.

IN view of the presentation of the film "Tembi," and the acrimonious discussions as to shooting big-game from motor-cars, these pictures have an interest quite apart from their excellence as works of art. Perhaps, also, it will be informative to quote Mr. Martin Johnson: "We did not share the popular prejudice against the lion. For, in our earlier years, the more we had seen of the King of Beasts, the more of a gentleman we found him to be. By that I don't mean that he is a high-hat, spatted snob; nor a condescending, treacherous rotter.

[Continued above.]



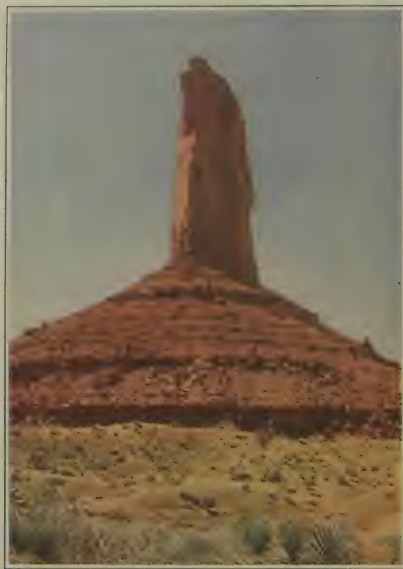
"THE MORE WE HAD SEEN OF THE KING OF BEASTS, THE MORE OF A GENTLEMAN WE FOUND HIM TO BE": A LION AND A SNAKE.

In the Land That Never Was: Nature Vies with the Artist.

AFTER PHOTOGRAPHS BY CHARLES KELLY.



NATURE'S COUNTERPART TO THE TEMPLES OF EGYPT AND THE COLOSSI OF MEMNON: GIGANTIC FORMATIONS OF BRICK-RED SANDSTONE—THE RESULT OF EROSION ON THE GRAND SCALE IN MONUMENT VALLEY, UTAH.



A "WINGLESS VICTORY" SOARING TO A HEIGHT OF A THOUSAND FEET: A MIGHTY MONOLITH OF RED SANDSTONE SURMOUNTING A NATURAL PYRAMID OF VAST PROPORTIONS, IN MONUMENT VALLEY, UTAH.

Attracted by that fantastic landscape, by Franz Sedlacek, which was reproduced a while ago in "The Illustrated London News," with the description, "A Road that Leads into the Land that Never Was," Mr. Charles Kelly, of the Primitive Art Society, of Salt Lake City, sends us the photographs reproduced on these pages, with the following very interesting notes. "You reproduced recently a painting of a fantastic landscape by Franz Sedlacek, and in the description you spoke of



SLENDERER THAN THE CAMPANILE AT VENICE, AND OUT-TOPPING THE TALLEST CHIMNEY: A NATURAL PILLAR, CALLED "THE SLIM ROCK"—ITS HEIGHT INDICATED BY THE HORSEMAN ON THE LEFT.

"a road that leads into the Land That Never Was." It struck me peculiarly, since, last summer, I visited the Land That Never Was and obtained photographs of weird scenes which, in my opinion, far surpass the imaginary paintings of this Austrian! These were taken in what is called Monument Valley, which lies in Utah, immediately north of the Arizona line; was until recently in the Navajo Indian Reservation; and is the traditional home of that race, who are still the

(Continued opposite.)

"Sky-Scrapers" of Monument Valley: "A City that is Set on a Hill."

AFTER PHOTOGRAPHS BY CHARLES KELLY.



IN THE LAST UNEXPLOITED WONDERLAND OF THE SOUTH-WEST: "A CITY THAT IS SET ON A HILL"—REMARKABLE SANDSTONE FORMATIONS IN MONUMENT VALLEY, UTAH, THE TRADITIONAL HOME OF THE NAVAJO INDIANS.



"SKY-SCRAPERS" THAT ARE RESULTS OF EROSION ON THE GRAND SCALE: "THE MITTENS" IN MONUMENT VALLEY, A WATERLESS REGION NEAR THE NORTHERN BORDER OF ARIZONA.

(Continued.)

only people who live there. Water there is none, except such rain-water as may accumulate in pot-holes in the rocks. The formation is massive sandstone, brick-red. The upper part of the 'Monuments' is one stratum; each rests upon a base of thinner strata; and the whole exceeds one thousand feet in height, a fact which, in this dry atmosphere, it is hard to believe, as there is nothing with which comparison can be made. The 'Monuments' are entirely the result of erosion on the grand scale. The effect of travelling through this valley is truly eerie, as

from a distance, the 'Monuments' appear to have been built by human hands; indeed, as seen against the sky-line, they suggest 'sky-scrapers,' and one imagines that one is approaching a great city. Passing through this Valley, one feels that one has, in fact, visited 'the graveyard of the Gods.' Monument Valley, I may add, is the last unexploited wonderland of the South-West. A hazardous journey is necessary to reach it; but one day it may be linked up with the other National Parks of the country."

GOLDEN MOMENTS



WILLS'S
GOLD FLAKE
CIGARETTES

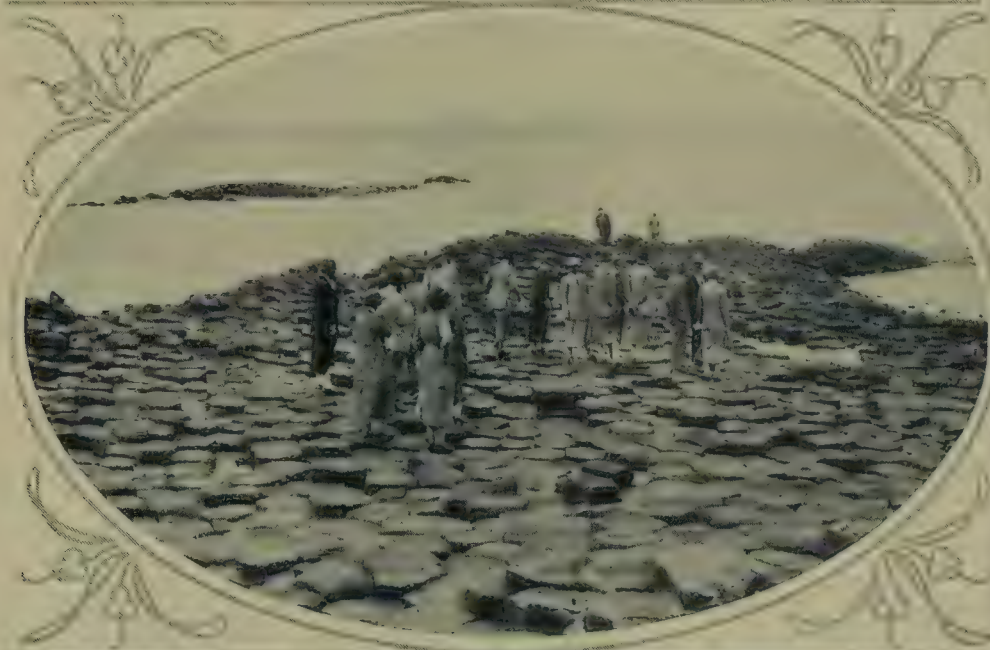
Always Cool

Always Fresh

A MONKEY-HOUSE INSPIRED BY THE GIANTS' CAUSEWAY!
"FINGAL"-ISM AT A DANISH "ZOO."



A MONKEY-HOUSE FOR WHICH THE GIANTS' CAUSEWAY PROVIDED THE MOTIF:
THE NOVEL STRUCTURE IN THE "ZOO" AT COPENHAGEN.



FOR COMPARISON WITH THE STRUCTURE IN THE NEW MONKEY-HOUSE AT COPENHAGEN:
THE GIANTS' CAUSEWAY, CO. ANTRIM, IRELAND.



SUNNING THEMSELVES ON COLUMNS AKIN TO THOSE OF THE GIANTS' CAUSEWAY: MONKEYS
IN THEIR NEW HOME IN DENMARK.



WITH A TREE TO BREAK THE MONOTONY: MONKEYS AND THEIR
"GIANTS' CAUSEWAY."



CARRIED OUT IN CONCRETE, COLOURED A REDDISH-BROWN:
THE "GIANTS' CAUSEWAY" OF THE MONKEY-HOUSE.

The monkey, always one of the great attractions in any "Zoo," has been having a specially good time of it of late! Our own Zoological Society, it will be recalled, has given certain of its simians special "sunlight" glass. And now there is the new enterprise of the Copenhagen "Zoo"—nothing less than a monkey-house, designed by Professors Ed. Thomson and Th. Alving, with Ireland's Giants' Causeway

as a *motif*. The Giants' Causeway proper, it will be remembered, consists of basaltic rocks. The monkey-house has to rely on coloured concrete. Perhaps, however, this does not matter so much; for its "bridge" has a less onerous duty than that of the Causeway, which was constructed by Fingal, so legend tells us, in order that the giants might be able to pass from Antrim to Staffa!

THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.

SEASIDE INTERLUDES.

By W. P. PYCRAFT, F.Z.S., Author of "Camouflage in Nature," "The Courtship of Animals," "Random Gleanings from Nature's Fields," etc.

SOME of the most thrilling moments of the summer holiday by the sea are those when the long-shore fishermen begin dragging in their nets, or when

on the fishmonger's slab, would say that it had been placed back uppermost, and that the familiar white under-side was the belly. As a matter of fact, it is really on its side, and this becomes apparent as soon as the position of the paired fins is examined. Look at the plaice in the adjoining photograph (Fig. 1), and you will note, immediately behind the head, what is obviously a "breast-fin," and its fellow will be found on the other side.

side, concealed from the light, is always white. The precise significance of the red spots of the plaice has yet to be discovered.

No less mysterious is the fact that in some, as in the plaice, the scales are reduced to mere vestiges. And this is true also of the turbot, in which, however, the skin is studded with numerous small, enamel-covered tubercles of stony hardness. In the sole, on the other hand, the scales are numerous, though small. Nothing as touching their food and its method of capture seems to throw any light on the origin or meaning of the peculiarities of shape so far recorded. But these feeding habits have left an unmistakable mark on the shape of the head, and, to a less extent, on the tail.

The plaice feeds mainly on small bivalve molluscs, marine worms, and sand-stars. The lips are soft and fleshy and the jaws toothless, but the hard shells of their victims are crushed by means of strong blunt teeth lodged in the throat. The sole has a most curious mouth. It is extremely small, curved, and lies immediately under the lowermost eye. The jaws bear small teeth, but only on the jaw of the left side—the under-side. It feeds chiefly on marine worms, but echinoderms, crustacea, and occasionally fish, give variety to the diet. It feeds mainly at night, and, as an aid to hunting, has the undermost side of the head set with small papillæ, or "feelers."

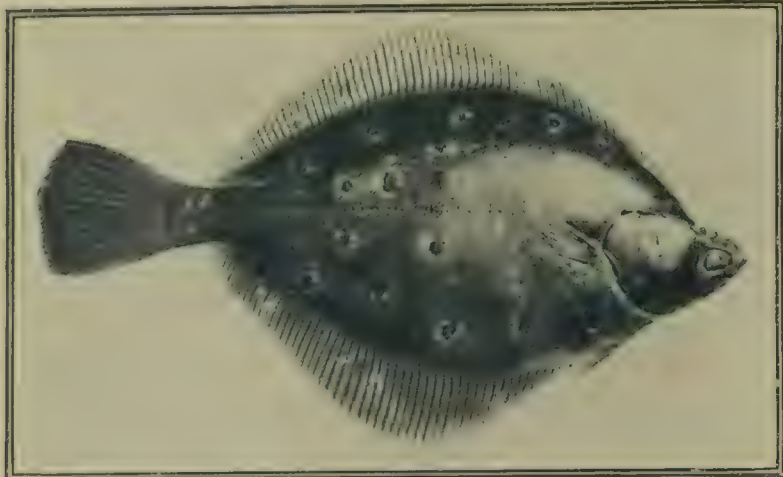


FIG. 1. SHOWING A "BREAST-FIN" BEHIND THE HEAD: THE PLAICE, WITH ITS MYSTERIOUS RED SPOTS.

The pitted surface gives the appearance of scales, but these are really reduced to mere vestiges. The mouth has fleshy lips, and the jaws are toothless, but there are blunt teeth in the throat, for crushing the shells of the molluscs which form its chief food. A plaice 22½ inches in length and weighing 4½ lb. will lay nearly 500,000 eggs.

those who have fished a little further out begin to haul up their boats; for presently they will begin to sort out their catch, throwing away all sorts of queer creatures which are eagerly seized on by the youngsters. Yet neither they nor their grave seniors, as a rule, could tell the names of more than, say, half-a-dozen in this welter of types.

But it is not merely the names of these creatures which are worth knowing. More important is the life-history of each: its shape and coloration, the number and position of its fins, the character of its eyes and mouth, and so on; for these are no accidental characters, but are intimately interwoven with the way in which they live and move and have their being in the great wide sea, about which even the wisest of us knows so little. That little, however, increases our desire to know more, if we have the slightest interest in living things. The appreciation of "sermons in stones" is an acquired taste, though very satisfying in the end; but "sermons" concerning "the beasts that perish" somehow seem to grip one much more speedily.

Seen through the right spectacles, these samples from the sea thrown out upon the beach might almost be called a "miraculous draught"; for all sorts and conditions are here—jelly-fish, star-fish, sea-urchins, crabs, the poisonous weever-fish, blennies, and, perchance, sea-trout, herring, or "flat-fish," according to the nature of the coast and the time of year. Just now, let me concentrate on the "flat-fish," some of which might be covered by half-a-crown, and some of which are big enough for the frying-pan. To attempt to describe here all the different species of "flat-fish" to be found around our coast would be to attempt the impossible. Let me, then, take three only—the plaice, the sole, and the turbot—and compare their several peculiarities, at least in so far as their adult stages are concerned. As touching their early stages of growth there is so much to be said that I shall not spoil a good story by attempting a survey now. It must form the theme of a special essay.

The appropriateness of the term "flat-fish" is obvious; but I venture to think that most people, on looking at any one of these displayed

singular shape and method of resting must be left to another occasion for discussion. But before setting aside this aspect it should be pointed out that while in some, like the plaice and its near relations, the upper is always the right side; so also in the sole tribe; but in the turbot and halibut the uppermost is the left side.

And so we get what are known as right- and left-sided fish. The dark coloration of this upper surface serves as a "protective" coloration to conceal them when resting on the sea-floor; the under-

On the lower border, below and behind the head, and in front of the long fin running backwards to the tail, the two "ventral" or pelvic fins will be seen. These answer to the hind-legs of land animals, just as the breast-fins answer to the fore-legs. In the plaice the hind-legs lie immediately below the fore-legs, but in the turbot (Fig. 3) they are actually in front.

How this tribe of flat-fishes have come to assume their method of resting must be left

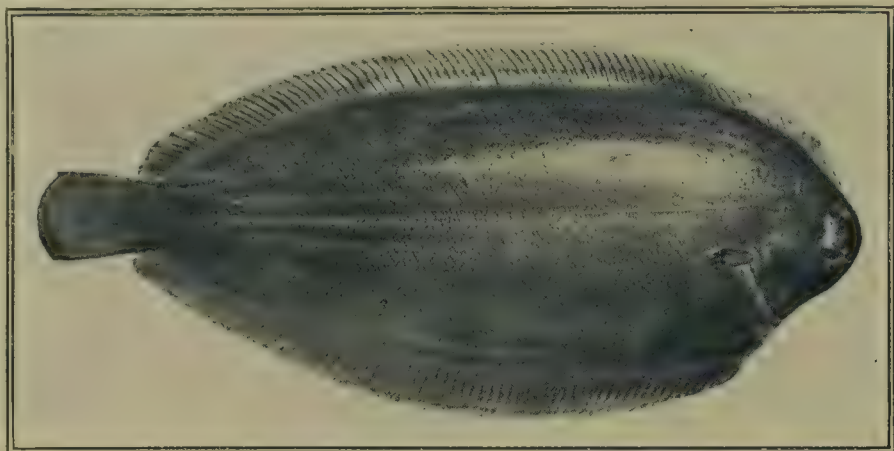


FIG. 2. WITH A CURIOUSLY SMALL MOUTH: THE SOLE

The sole, living mainly on marine worms, has a curiously small mouth, placed immediately under the lowermost eye. Teeth are found only on the left jaw, and the under-side of the head is set with small fleshy processes used as "feelers," the sole being a night-feeder. The "lateral line," it will be noticed, runs straight down the middle of the body, as in the plaice. Its function is obscure. The scales, though small, are well developed. A sole 18 in. long will lay from 500,000 to 750,000 eggs.

Now turn to the turbot (Fig. 3). Here the mouth is, relatively, of enormous size, and the lower jaw is so hinged that, when the mouth is fully opened, it forms a great tube, fringed by teeth. It preys upon other fish—sand-eels, pilchards, whiting, young sea-bream—in short, any which come within its reach as it lies concealed in the sand on the sea-floor. As soon as the victim is within range, with a vigorous spring or a sudden rush it is engulfed!

And now, as touching the size of these fish. I have never yet seen in any fishmonger's shop a plaice measuring as much as 2 ft. 6 in. long. Yet fish of this length, and even longer, are by no means rare in the Iceland fishing-grounds. Off Plymouth they rarely exceed a length of 2 ft. But even fish of this size seem seldom to come into the market. Though soles over 2 ft. long and 1 ft. broad are on record, one seldom sees specimens of more than 18 in. in length. The longest record of a turbot I can lay my hands on at the moment is 2 ft. 4 in. But, since a fish of 2 ft. 2 in. weighed 14 lb., the specimen recorded by Buckland weighing 32 lb. must have been somewhere about twice this length! Let those who seek, and seek in vain, for noble specimens of this kind console themselves with the reflection that probably they would prove to be very old, tough, and flavourless.

So, now watch the catch with eyes well open, and, if you will, note-book also! And, if you must eventually digest, do not forget to read, mark, and learn.

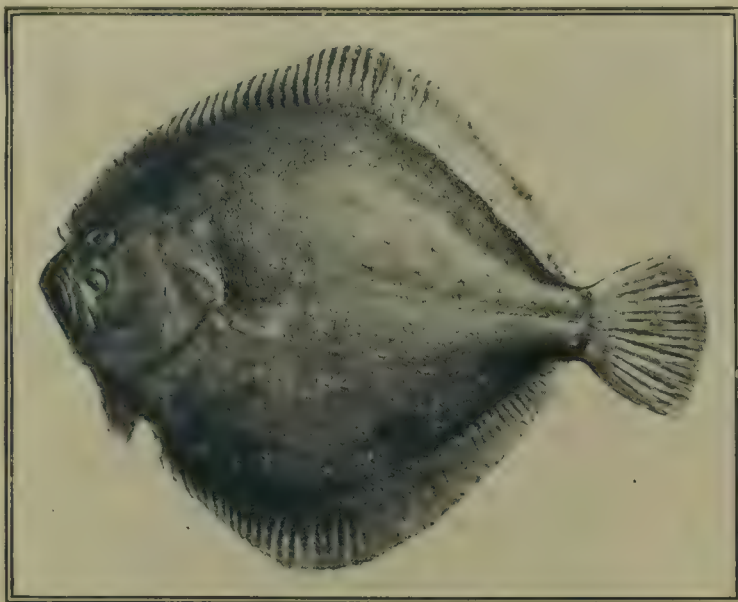


FIG. 3. A "LEFT-SIDED FISH": THE VORACIOUS TURBOT.

This is a "left-sided" fish, with an enormous mouth. There are no scales, but the skin is set with numerous small bony tubercles. The lateral line, it will be noticed, starts from behind the gill-cover and sweeps backwards in a wide curve to the middle line of the body. The ventral fins, answering to the hind-legs, are placed immediately under the head, far in front of the fore-legs, or breast-fins. A turbot of 17 lb. will lay nine million eggs.

THE ANGLER-FISH AS A CATCHER OF BIRDS: "GOOSE-FISH" AND THEIR FEATHERED PREY IN THE UNITED STATES.

ILLUSTRATIONS
(BY LYNN BOGUE HUNT)
FROM
"NATURAL HISTORY," THE JOURNAL
OF THE
AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL
HISTORY,
BY COURTESY OF THE EDITOR.

THE ANGLER, WHICH HAS BEEN PROVED TO CATCH BIRDS ON OCCASION: A "GOOSE-FISH" ATTEMPTING TO SNAP-UP A DIVER, WHILE AWAITING ITS MORE USUAL PREY IN COMPARATIVELY SHALLOW WATER.



A SLEEPING SEA-GULL AS AN ANGLER'S PREY: THE FISH ABOUT TO GULP-IN A BIRD WHICH IS FLOATING ON THE SURFACE ASLEEP, WITH ITS HEAD TUCKED UNDER ITS WING.

READY FOR FISH OR FOWL! AN ANGLER OPEN-MOUTHED SHOWING THE TENTACLE AND THE TEETH OF THE JAWS AND OF THE FLOOR OF THE MOUTH.

In an article in "Natural History," Mr. E. W. Gudger, bibliographer and associate in the Department of Fishes, American Museum, gives some most interesting facts about the Angler-fish, a creature so called because it has on top of the head two or more spike-like tentacles, with fleshy lobes or lappets at the ends. To quote the authority in question: "Since the days of Aristotle this fish has been credited with dangling the tentacles in front of his mouth to entice fishes to approach, and, when close enough, the victims are forthwith engulfed. . . . This alleged habit has recently been established as a fact by a competent observer." The Angler is known—from its large mouth—as the "Wide Gab," in Scotland; and as the "All-mouth," in America. "Another common name is 'Goose-fish,' given because it is believed that it swallows whole geese, ducks, and such other aquatic birds as he can lay hold of." Mr. Gudger adds that the evidence for this last belief is scanty; but he gives definite evidence that, at all events, the fish may seize birds and attempt to eat them. He tells how Mr. Feodor Deguyieff Polevoy, of Staten Island, brought him a goose-fish measuring 3 ft. 1½ in. in length over-all, and having a ten-inches-across mouth, with a six-inch vertical gape. When caught, it was thrashing about on the surface of the water, and had a good-sized sea-gull stuck in its throat. Evidently the bird had been taken while it was floating on the surface, for, when it was extracted from the fish's throat, its head was found tucked under one wing—it had been asleep when captured.



AN ATTEMPT THAT FAILED: AN ANGLER, OR "GOOSE-FISH," TRYING TO SWALLOW A LOON THAT PROVED TO BE TOO POWERFUL FOR IT, AND KEPT ITS ENEMY FROM SUBMERGING.

THE RED ANTI-WAR "DAY" IN RUSSIA: MARCHERS IN MOSCOW.



THE WEEK OF RED "ANTI-WAR DAY" DEMONSTRATIONS IN MOSCOW:
YOUNG COMMUNIST OARSMEN ON THE MARCH.



YOUNG WOMEN AND THE RED ANTI-WAR "DAY" CELEBRATED THROUGHOUT
THE U.S.S.R.: OARSWOMEN IN A MOSCOW PROCESSION.



BEFORE A FACTORY DISGUISED AS A TANK: A CROWD IN MOSCOW
ON AUGUST 1.



"ANTI-IMPERIALIST REVOLUTIONARY FIGHTING POWER": YOUNG GAS-MASKED
AND ARMED COMMUNISTS.



NON-COMBATANTS: RED-CROSS NURSES MARCHING IN MOSCOW'S RED ANTI-WAR
"DAY" PROCESSION.



COMBATANTS: FIGHTING-WOMEN MARCHING IN MOSCOW'S RED ANTI-WAR
"DAY" PROCESSION.

On August 1, Red anti-War Day was observed throughout the Union of Socialist Soviet Republics—otherwise, Russia. Moscow's programme began on the preceding Sunday, with the issue of rifles, bayonets, and other weapons to some forty thousand boys and girls destined to demonstrate impressively in various open spaces; and it continued throughout the week. Much the same sort of procession took place each day, but there were certain variations, and, on occasions, regular troops with heavier weapons took part. The banners that were flaunted were chiefly directed against the non-Bolsheviks of the world, Social Democrats,

Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, Chiang Kai-Shek,* and M. Poincaré; and they urged all to combat the Imperialists by subscribing to the new Soviet Loan, by increasing the output of Labour, and by sowing more grain. The chief slogan for the parades was: "We do not want War; but we are ready to defend the Soviet Union." Moscow, it may be added, was disappointed at the mildness and unimportance of the very half-hearted demonstrations in other countries, and regarded them as proving that many extremist leaders of the Communist International had suffered loss of prestige.

IN LIVERPOOL, "NORTH WALES": THE WELSH NATIONAL EISTEDDFOD.



THE MEETING OF THE ROYAL NATIONAL EISTEDDFOD OF WALES, HELD IN LIVERPOOL FOR THE FIRST TIME SINCE 1900: THE BARDIC GORSEDD IN PRINCE'S PARK.



THE ARCHDRUID: THE REV. J. O. WILLIAMS IN THE PROCESSION.

For Eisteddfodic purposes, Liverpool is in North Wales; just as London is in South Wales! It is not surprising, therefore, that Liverpool should have been chosen this year for the meeting of the Royal National Eisteddfod of Wales, especially as the event has not taken place there since 1900. Liverpool, moreover, has so large a Welsh population that it has been dubbed, facetiously, the capital of Wales. The Eisteddfod of this year opened on August 5, and it was arranged that it should continue until this Saturday. The circle of stones for the Bardic Gorsedd was set up in Prince's Park, but most of the programme was fixed to



AT THE CIRCLE OF STONES: THE ARCHDRUID IN PRINCE'S PARK.

take place in Sefton Park, in which a great pavilion to accommodate twelve thousand people was erected. The Welsh drama competitions and other dramatic performances were staged in the Crane Hall. World-wide interest was shown and very many Welsh attended, not only from the Principality, but from distant countries, including the United States, Australia, Canada, New Zealand, and Patagonia. It was arranged that the Crowning of the Bard should be on August 6, and that Mr. Lloyd George should witness the ceremony of Chairing the Bard on the Thursday afternoon.

INTERPRETERS OF A DIFFICULT SCIENCE.

BEING AN APPRECIATION OF

"MAGICIAN AND LEECH": By WARREN R. DAWSON.*

(PUBLISHED BY METHUEN.)

THERE is, in the necropolis of Sakkara, the tomb of an eminent man who lived in the Pyramid Age. Amongst his titles, which include 'priest of Sekis' (a goddess particularly associated with magic), there is also 'Royal Physician, interpreter of a difficult science.'

Therefore, it is easy to understand the professional diffidence of that practitioner of 1500 B.C.—or a little earlier—who recognised three kinds of cases: "It is an ailment I will treat"; "It is an ailment I will contend with"; and "An untreatable ailment." How his spirit in the Underworld must have envied the confidence—and, even, the knowledge of the ungrateful patient—possessed by the compiler of the great Coptic medical papyrus of the ninth or tenth century of Our Lord, who wrote, after recording

and seven-knotted cords as barriers impeding the passage of malign influences. Hence fear of spiritual contagion from the bodies of the dead—and the tendency to place embalmers and their kin in a caste apart.

Can it be a matter for amazement that the puzzled medico chose nostrums calculated to impress—compounds of fats, for instance, that were selected simply because they were unctuous, but were particularised for effect? As our authority has it: "There was always a preference for rare and bizarre elements in the prescriptions of drugs. This combination of magical and rational methods is well shown in the large group of prescriptions for treating stiff joints, muscular complaints, and rheumatoid troubles. These mostly consist of ointments and emollients, the basis of which is a grease made of animal fat. So far, this is quite appropriate and rational. The magical element appears when, instead of merely ox-fat or goose-grease, the prescriptions introduce the fat of all kinds of different animals, many of them rare and difficult to obtain, such as the lion, oryx, hippopotamus, snake, lizard, mouse, etc." It is most understandable! Nor will it be a surprise to read: "The magicians . . . had an interested motive in ascribing virtues to substances difficult for the patient to obtain. No patient could on the spur of the moment possess himself of the fats of all these animals, but he could purchase from his healer a series of gallipots each respectively labelled as the fat of such-and-such an animal, while the pots actually contained, probably each and all of them, nothing but the homely goose-grease with perhaps a little colouring-matter added, and bearing an appropriate label!" After all, both priest and doctor had to live—and there is virtue in Faith as well as in physic. And why not employ bat, hedgehog, vulture, bee-eater, hoopoe, frog, snake, tortoise, bones and horns, hair of ass and root of mandrake, when it is recalled that, within memory, people have taken *Mus Musculus*, *Minutus*, or *Sylvaticus* as a remedy? Mr. Dawson vouches for this. "There is abundant literary evidence of the therapeutic use of the mouse for various purposes," he writes, "but usually for children, throughout classical, mediæval and later times, and the custom of giving mice as a medicine to children is not yet extinct in many parts of Europe to-day. There are many persons still living in the British Isles, who in their childhood have been made to swallow skinned mice as a remedy for whooping-cough and other childish ailments. In April 1925, after a lecture that I gave before the Folk-Lore Society on mice in magic and medicine, two of my audience told me of their experiences of mouse-eating in childhood, and I have since come across a number of other cases. This affords a striking example of the persistence of a remedy for more than sixty centuries."

Fortunately, there were—and are—substitutes, or, if you will, second shots! "It is characteristic of the magician at all times that he should have more than one string to his bow, for if one remedy fails, another may succeed, and his reputation must at all costs be maintained. Consequently, in the medical papyri are found numerous alternative prescriptions for each ailment and in the magical texts alternative spells provided for every kind of sickness or calamity. . . . The very multiplicity of prescriptions is of itself a confession of their purely arbitrary and unscientific character. Now it sometimes happened that one or more of the drugs contained in the various prescriptions really did accomplish the end for which it was employed, and consequently such remedies of known efficacy would acquire a reputation and tend to supersede the purely arbitrary and useless elements." In fact, the medical men learnt from their mistakes.

Doubtless, however, it was as well that there were also worthies so wise that one of them, at least, could cause the severed head of a goose to walk to its body even as that body walked towards it, take up its proper position, and play its part in the subsequent ceremony of standing up and cackling thanks!

So much for the curative. Let us come to the preservative that continuance of life might be in this world or another. I quote but one example. "Violent death usually involves loss of blood, and hence it is probable that even as early as Aurignacian time, blood came to be regarded as the vital fluid which was essential to active existence. This belief will explain why blood plays such an important part in the rites of primitive peoples, and why red objects have ever been associated with blood and with death. Primitive man buried his dead in red ochre, probably with the object of supplying the vital stuff that was lacking in the inert corpse and was essential to restore it once more to activity. Instances of such burials in red ochre are afforded by early human remains buried in the Grotte des Enfants at Mentone, at Predmost in Moravia, in the Dordogne Valley and elsewhere in France. In 1823 a human skeleton, stained red with ochre, was discovered in a cave at Paviland, near Rhossilly in South Wales. The same motive had led these early races of man, as well as many of their successors in various parts of the world, to use red objects of various kinds to restore to the body the vital substances lost at death. Red pebbles and other red objects were buried with the dead; red coffins, shrouds and other elements of the burial equipment were inspired by the same desire as prompted man of the Cro-Magnon race to bury his dead in red ochre. In historic times the Egyptians used an amulet of red carnelian or red jasper, that typified the blood of the goddess Isis,

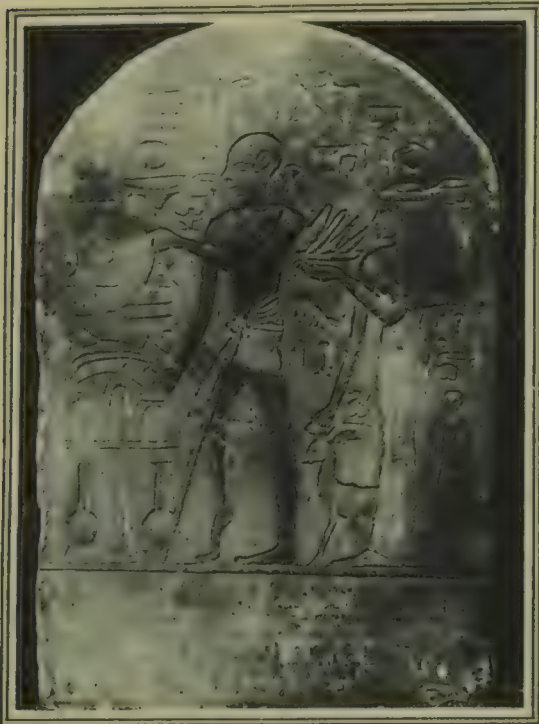
which was placed upon mummies in order to stimulate the functions of the blood, or as a magical substitute for the blood that was so conspicuously lacking in the corpse."

Writing of mummies reminds me that I must point out to the prospective reader that Mr. Warren Dawson devotes much attention to the art and craft of embalming in ancient Egypt, a subject, it need hardly be said, of immense interest, if necessarily somewhat gruesome in its details. Few can fail to follow with attention the manners and the methods of mummy-making—the preparing of the body; the "plumping" by padding with mud or sand or other material; the painting, salting, and drying; the wrapping; the use of the natron that had connection with the daily celebrations of the re-birth of the sun-god and of the resin that flowed from Osiris; and so on, and so on—for the very fact that the embalmers had to "anatomise" the dead added enormously to man's familiarity with man and aided the Egyptian physicians and surgeons, by publishing for them the open book of humanity, and thus rendering obsolete the half-closed tome on which their fellows of other nations had to rely.

And writing the word "gruesome" reminds me of another thing. It should be evident without the telling—but may not be in some instances—that a book on the magician and the "leech" cannot be without the mention of matters that are not commonly discussed at dinner or in drawing-room! For that reason, any whose creed it is that the Queen of Spain is legless, any who flinch before a *Lancet*, any who avoid the mild "horrible details" of the patent medicine advertisement, should not seek its pages until they have satisfied themselves that disease *does* exist and often in unpleasant form, and until they are conscious that ancient cures were not always as "nice" as those of the Harley Streets of to-day. So much it is fair to say; but it would be at least as unfair if I did not add that no reasonable person could object to anything in Mr. Dawson's book. Truth is naked: not "unclothed," or "unclad" or "uncovered." Only whispering tongues—or prurient minds—can poison it.

Therefore, let the common-sense read of "Magician and Leech," of the specialists and the G.P.s of old, of their experiments in preservation and prolongation, of their mummeries and their mendings, their charlatanism and their honesty, their treatments and their contentings. They will profit thereby, in wonderment and in wisdom.

E. H. G.



SHOWING THE DEFORMITY OF THE LEG OF AN ADULT MAN RESULTING FROM INFANTILE PARALYSIS: A STELA OF THE NINETEENTH OR TWENTIETH DYNASTY (CIRCA 1350-1200 B.C.) COMMEMORATING A SEMITIC SETTLER IN EGYPT.

"This stela, although of Egyptian workmanship, commemorates a Semitic settler in Egypt, and the deity invoked in the inscription is the Syrian goddess Astarte."

From "Magician and Leech," by Courtesy of the Publishers, Messrs. Methuen and Co.

a cure for "Ear that suffers acutely": "The pain will stop immediately. But do not administer this remedy to a man until you have received your fee."

"I will treat." "I will contend with." "Untreatable." There is the complete code of the doctor. But how many of those of old had the courage to accept it? Indeed, how many moderns would dare to do so, other than covertly?

Generally, it may be assumed, the custom was "I will treat"—with payment in advance, lest the operation be a success, but the patient die! This in face of the fact that swaddling-clothed Healing was fully aware that, to many, there was no such thing as natural death. Death was due to sorcery and to violence. It was the result of witchery or weapons. Thus, there were those willing to prescribe phylactery, penance, dose, or pill, as well as those content to labour manually. "To summarise in a few words the beginnings of medical science, it may be said that disease or injury by Act of God (including spirits and demons) were regarded as supernatural and treated by magical means, whilst injuries inflicted by man were regarded rationally and treated accordingly. In other words, medicine began in the attempt to repair injuries and suffering of divine origin, and surgery in the attempt to repair the ravages of man." Interdependence was not.

And it must be confessed that, when he did contend, the ancient leech had something with which to contend. "There is no part of the body without its god," averred documents of the Eighteenth Dynasty, supporting fore-runners; and, obviously, it was a task of magnitude to placate an angry deity who was raging within a *corpus* that felt particularly vile. Hence exorcisms, amulets, and preventives as ingenious as they were grandiose to the untutored. Hence many a direction for "banishing," "killing," "terrifying," or "driving out"; spells and formulæ;

* "Magician and Leech: A Study in the Beginnings of Medicine, with Special Reference to Ancient Egypt." By Warren R. Dawson, F.R.S.E., Fellow of the Royal Society of Medicine. With Six Illustrations. (Methuen and Co., Ltd.; 7s. 6d. net.)



A MYSTERY SOLVED? A POTTERY FIGURE THAT MAY REPRESENT A MUMMY IMMERSSED IN THE SALT-BATH.

"It has generally been assumed that the salt-bath was a long tank in which the body lay horizontally; but a little reflection will show that, if this were the case, it would be impossible to prevent the immersion of the head." And the head was not immersed. "I believe," continues Mr. Dawson, "that the salt-bath was a large jar, in which the body was placed in a sharply flexed position. . . . This suggestion, moreover, would explain the significance of certain pottery figures, the meaning of which has been not understood hitherto. These figures, of which several examples are known, represent a human figure in a sharply contracted attitude, sitting inside a large jar. There seems no doubt that these figures are intended to represent mummies in course of salting."

From "Magician and Leech," by Courtesy of the Publishers, Messrs. Methuen and Co.

PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



MR. EMILE BERLINER.
Inventor of the microphone, a telephone transmitter (in 1877), the gramophone, a helicopter, and various talking-machine devices. Born, 1851; died, Aug. 4.



HERR KARL VON WELSBACH.
Karl Auer Ritter von Welsbach, who died on August 4, at the age of seventy, invented the incandescent gas light, the electrical metal thread lamp, etc.



MR. LESLIE FABER.
The well-known actor. Died on August 5. Would have been fifty on the 30th. Fought in the Great War. (Major; M.C.). An old Bensonian. He was born at Newcastle-on-Tyne.



LORD LOUGHBOROUGH.
Died in tragic circumstances on August 4, aged thirty-seven. Son of the fifth Earl of Rosslyn. In war, held a commission in Armoured Car Division.



SIR DRUMMOND FRASER.
The well-known banker. Died tragically on July 31, aged sixty-two. Had been very ill. A director of several companies. Wrote much on finance.



THE GOODWOOD HOUSE HOUSE-PARTY: A GROUP INCLUDING PRINCESS MARY AND THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF RICHMOND AND GORDON.

The King was, of course, able to attend Goodwood this year; but the Duke and Duchess of Richmond and Gordon had a large house-party, at Goodwood House, which included Princess Mary. In the group, her Royal Highness is seated in the centre; with the Duchess of Richmond on her right. The Duke of Richmond is standing in front of the door; on

the right as one looks at the photograph. Also in the group are to be noted Viscount Lascelles, Lords Lonsdale, Westmorland, and March. Lord and Lady Zetland, Captain and Lady Mary Kenyon-Slaney, Captain and Lady Amy Coats, Mr. Clare and Lady Doris Vyner, and Sir Leonard and Lady Violet Brassey.



THE DUCHESS OF BEDFORD.
Left Lympe on August 2, piloted by Captain C. D. Barnard and Mr. Bob Little, on an attempt to fly to India and back in a week in the monoplane "The Spider." Arrived at Karachi on August 5, and left for England on the Tuesday. The outward flight was in four "hops." Her Grace is sixty-three.



MR. BERNHARD BARON.
Chairman of Carreras, and famous as a philanthropist. Born in Russia seventy-eight years ago; died at Hove on August 1. During his life, gave away something like two million pounds in charity. A supporter of the Labour Party. Started his fortune by inventing a cigarette-making machine, which he brought here from the United States.



DAME MILLICENT FAWCETT.
Born, June 11, 1847; died, August 5. A great worker for the political emancipation of women, and in connection with the education of women. Married Professor Henry Fawcett, who was blind, but became a very successful Postmaster-General, thanks, of course, in large part to her.

A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS : CHINESE ROOF-TILES.

By FRANK DAVIS.

reader of this paper is unfamiliar with the noble beasts found in the tombs of the T'ang Dynasty—great upstanding animals, with a tremendous breadth of shoulder, and heads that might have come straight from the frieze of the Parthenon. The T'ang Dynasty ended in A.D. 906. The Ming Dynasty commenced in 1368. Why is it that this Western type of horse has in the meantime given way to the Mongolian pony? Or is it mere chance that we do not meet with the finer animal in later artistic productions? I am unable to answer the question, but commend it to readers of this page as the type of fascinating

the majority seem to be horsemen. Dolphins are quite common; while birds are rare. Some time ago there was a set of the Eight Immortals in London: this must be very rare indeed. I have seen a pair of fan-tail pigeons, and it is not unusual to find dragons. An inquiry into the legendary meaning of each individual set of tiles is going to lead the enthusiast into as yet unrecorded labyrinths of Chinese folklore. The subject is immensely complex, and so far European investigators have done little more than scratch the surface.

For example, the figure in Fig. 3 is clutching

ROOF-TILES are things which are completely disregarded by the native Chinese connoisseur, and, as far as I can discover, no one has ever written about them, except to remark in a casual sentence or two that such things have been known to exist from the time of the Ming Dynasty. It is a matter for surprise that so little interest has been taken in them, because, although they are of necessity made of pottery covered with coarse glazes, the better examples are spirited and vigorous, and the quality of their glazes and colouring is extremely fine.

They are, by now, fairly familiar in the auction-rooms (there were, for example, some very nice specimens in the Benson Collection, recently sold at Christie's), and they seem likely to increase in popularity in the near future. Their function was to protect the house from evil spirits. Surely no nation ever guarded against trouble with greater artistry?

There would be one figure at each end of the ridge of the roof: one at each of the four corners; sometimes one in the centre of the ridge. The shape of the base can be seen best in Figs. 1 and 2. It is always the same—a semi-circular tile to fit over the ridge, with a hole going up into the figure so that the piece can be fixed firmly. The other illustrations do not show this base, as the pieces happen to be arranged on not very satisfactory wooden stands. But I know of no departure from this rule.

Before discussing these tiles in detail, may I be allowed a digression? Look at the horses. No

something very tenderly to its breast. What this is I am unable to determine: identification might give a clue to the legend. Perhaps I can state the problem best by giving a list of gods and goddesses given by Mr. E. T. C. Werner in his "Myths and Legends of China." In addition to the better-known deities, star-gods, door-gods, etc., there are also gods of "wind, rain, snow, frost, rivers, tides, caves, trees, flowers, theatres, horses, oxen, cows, sheep, goats, dogs, pigs, scorpions, locusts, gold, tea, salt, compass, archery, bridges, lamps, gems, wells, carpenters, masons, barbers, tailors, jugglers, nets, wine, bean-curd, jade, paper-clothing, eye, ear, nose, tongue, teeth, heart, liver, throat, hands, feet, skin, architecture, rain-clothes, monkeys, lice, Punch and Judy, fire-crackers, cruelty, revenge, manure, fornication,

shadows, corners, gamblers, oculists, small-pox, stomach-ache, measles, luck, womb, midwife, hasteners of child-birth, brigands, butchers, furnishers, centipedes, frogs, stones, beds. . . ." But no, the list is still unfinished, and I only have one page at my disposal.

I should welcome information which might lead to the certain identification of any of the tiles illustrated, and also notes and photographs of types I have not enumerated above.



FIGS. 1 AND 2. SHOWING THE SEMI-CIRCULAR BASE, TO FIT OVER THE RIDGE OF THE ROOF: CHINESE TILES DESIGNED TO PROTECT THE HOUSE FROM EVIL SPIRITS—A HOLY MAN; AND A HORSEMAN.

By Courtesy of Mr. Frank Pilcher.

problem which even the most casual inquiry into the art of the past is continually bringing forward to stimulate one's imagination.

Figs. 1 and 2 form an interesting contrast. The first is obviously a man of peace. The whole feeling is one of quietness. The features are pleasant and amiable. The lobe of the ear is elongated, by which it is safe to assume that the figure is a Buddhist holy man. The horse, a trifle supercilious, gives a miraculous impression of understanding his rider's moods.

The second is no less obviously a man of war, and horse and rider are rendered with an enthusiasm that is admirable. The soldier is half turned to the right with lips parted, and in his right hand he once held a sword. Both these figures seem to have come from the same factory. In each case the base is green, the robe green, the horse lemon, and the trappings are a darkish brown.

Fig. 3 is a most attractive tile. On a conventional cloud gallops a horse with an exceptional breadth of neck; the rider is a man (or woman) who clasps very carefully and tenderly an object to his left breast, at the same time looking downwards to the right with an uncannily benign expression. The horse is green-black, the green glaze showing through the black painted above it. The rider has a green robe.

Fig. 4 is a splendidly vigorous Demon-Guardian on the usual conventional cloud, in turquoise and aubergine. As to the usual types of Ming roof-tiles,



FIG. 3. A GREEN-ROBED RIDER ON A GREEN-BLACK HORSE: ANOTHER FINE CHINESE ROOF-TILE.

By Courtesy of Mr. W. H. Adgey-Edgar.



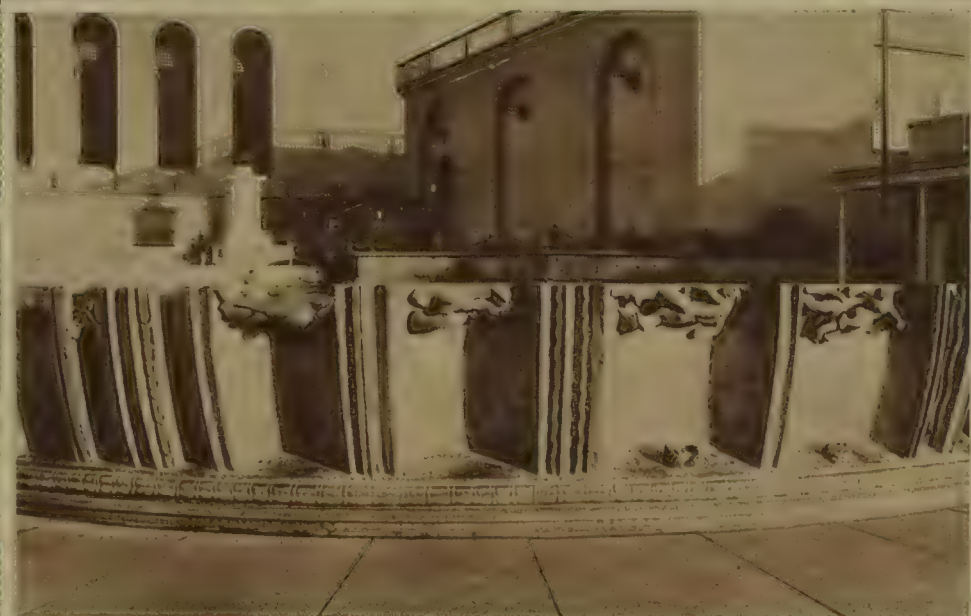
FIG. 4. IN TURQUOISE AND AUBERGINE: A SPLENDIDLY VIGOROUS DEMON-GUARDIAN ON THE USUAL CONVENTIONAL CLOUD.

By Courtesy of Mr. W. H. Adgey-Edgar.

A SCULPTOR-SPECIALIST'S MODERNITY: THE FOUNTAINS OF CARL MILLES, OF SWEDEN.



"ORPHEUS": A FOUNTAIN FOR STOCKHOLM'S NEW CONCERT HALL—THE MODEL.



A "POSEIDON" FOUNTAIN IN BRONZE, IN GOTHENBURG: A PHOTOGRAPH SHOWING FOUR OF THE HIGH-RELIEFS ROUND THE BASE.



A "CERBERUS" FOUNTAIN: A GREAT BRONZE BASIN IN FRONT OF THE NEW POLYTECHNIC IN STOCKHOLM.



A "DIANA" FOUNTAIN: A BRONZE WORK IN THE COURTYARD OF THE RECENTLY-FINISHED OFFICES OF THE SWEDISH MATCH COMBINE, IN STOCKHOLM.



ONE OF THE MANY RELIEFS OF THE GRANITE "FOLKUNGA" FOUNTAIN AT LINKÖPING: THE FIGHT BETWEEN THE BROTHER KINGS.

With the Epstein sculptures on the new buildings of the Underground so much under discussion—to say nothing of the controversy concerning the model for the Earl Haig Memorial—modernity in sculpture is very much a matter of the moment. That being so, we reproduce these photographs of works by Carl Milles, of Stockholm, who specialises in the making of fountains, and fountains alone. Incidentally, it may be said that he relies upon his native country for

much of his inspiration, utilising its folk-lore, its history, and its national characteristics. At the same time, as our photographs bear witness, he by no means disdains the classical. With regard to the photographs given, the "Poseidon" for Gothenburg and the "Folkunga" for Linköping were finished very recently. Even later is the "Diana" for the Swedish Match Combine, at Stockholm. The Stockholm "Orpheus" is also new.

The Way of the World Through Women's Eyes.

By "MILLAMANT."

Classic versus Romantic in Cowes Fashions.

The yachting world is always considered to be one of the most exclusive sections of society, and the Royal Yacht Squadron is invariably quoted as the most distinguished club in the world. This tradition for exclusiveness used to be interpreted in terms of yacht dress for women, and formerly there was emphatically a "right" and classic attire for Cowes which had to be adopted in order to conform to those slightly mysterious laws which govern our lives in the social world. The yachting cap was worn

difficult to be completely original in furnishing. In any "advanced" home, which is the result of great care and thought on the part of the owners, you may find many amusing and interesting modern pieces, which, however, have a curious similarity to those owned by other friends, and betray the fact that "new" ideas in furnishing are in danger of becoming as stereotyped as antimacassars were in the Victorian period.

Mrs. Jack Coats, however, is one of the young people who have avoided this danger, for she has achieved an entirely original and distinctive home by choosing, with real boldness, antiques and "period" decoration from all over the world, adapting them to modern ideas of comfort and setting them in one of the latest flats in Park Lane. Her walnut panelled dining-room, for instance, has tapestry-hung walls and a set of rare needlework-covered chairs. Fine carved oak doors, taken from some old palace, lead to the Italian blue drawing-room, where even the standard lamps have curious old silken shades. The vestibule is exactly what the entrance to a home should be—it indicates the personality of the house and gives promise of the beautiful rooms beyond. It is of stone with old Italian painted doors set with wrought-iron panels.

Modern Schemes of Decoration.

The general modern ambition, however, is frequently to change the colour schemes and style of your house in order to keep pace with new ideas and enthusiasms. It does not matter whether the accusation that modern furniture lacks the lasting qualities of the old has any truth in it or not. Women no longer care to inherit furniture, and have other people's tastes foisted on them. They want to choose their own surroundings

Even the lamp had a dual personality. Utterly defying all known conventions of standard lamps, the base was tall, slender, and perfectly flat instead of cylindric, and an almost invisible flap pulled down and formed a stand for an ash-tray or glass. The shade was very striking, and resembled nothing so much as an enormous nun's "coiffe," or the curiously shaped head-dress of an old Breton peasant. "Mademoiselle la Nonne," as she is nicknamed, is a decorative addition to any modern room.

"Ancestral" and Ultra-Modern Stage Rooms.

Stage rooms and settings designed by George Sheringham are always decorative, and two of the scenes in the revival of Galsworthy's "The Skin Game" at Wyndham's make a most interesting study in "ancient and modern" furnishing, and help to drive home the point of the play—the difference in outlook of the Hillcrists, the established county family, and that of the rich industrial North-country Hornblowers. The ancestral library in the Hillcrists' house, where much of the action takes place, has all the charm of a period room which has "grown up with the family," so to speak, as it contains furniture of different dates supplied, no doubt, by various generations of Hillcrists. The walls are panelled, and the overmantel is seventeenth century in design, while most of the furniture is Queen Anne. There is a specially fine wing-chair of this date, as well as a tall lacquer screen of the kind which goes well with walnut, but the writing-table is of a later period.

The bookshelves are filled with volumes in old calf bindings, and the only two pictures consist of antique maps framed and hung above the bookcases. There is dignity and peace in this room; but the modern boudoir which belongs to Chloe Hornblower possesses an equally attractive, if more "exciting" atmosphere. The walls of a curious yellowish shade are bare, save for a Chinese picture by the door, and the curtains of bright orange tone with them, while the sofa is covered in black and adorned with gay cushions. A brilliant orange screen stands at the head of the sofa, and the furniture is of modern lacquer.

NOTABLE WOMEN IN NOTABLE FROCKS.

and to express their personalities by the *décor* of their rooms as surely as by their clothes and conversation.

This, however, is not a dissertation upon the relative merits of the old and the new, for it is impossible to compare two completely different ideals. The dominating idea of cabinet-makers for years—or rather centuries—was the beauty of the wood, a certain impressiveness in style, and the belief that each piece of furniture was designed to be considered as a work of art entirely by itself. Now the underlying idea of decoration is to make furniture harmonize with the conditions of modern life, which means colour to express vitality, compactness to suit small rooms, and originality of design to satisfy the universal desire for all things unusual and "amusing."

I recently saw a well-furnished modern flat where the predominating colour of the furniture was silver-grey lacquered wood, lined, or with subtle touches of some bright colour, which was different in each room. The drawing-room, for instance, was silver-grey and blue. The blue was emphasised, of course, by curtains and cushions, and the grey in the plain wall-paper. Unexpected touches of colour appeared in several interesting pieces of furniture. One in particular was most ingenious. Standing out only three inches from the wall was apparently a raised panel of the silver wood. The top half opened like a bureau and the lowered flap revealed a perfectly fitted little desk with pigeon-holes and drawers painted in a vivid blue to match the curtains. The lower half of the panel also opened to show roomy cavities for newspapers and magazines, painted in the same attractive shade. Then there was a round table in grey wood with a circular shelf half-way down, fitted with side sections, forming little bookcases all the way round—these, too, painted in blue.

A SMART "SPOTTED" SUIT AT THE BEAUFORT HUNT POLO CLUB TOURNAMENT: MISS JILL COWAN IN STRIKING SPORTS ATTIRE.

The novel idea of a sports suit dotted here and there with amusing spots of colour was exploited very successfully in this charming toilette chosen by Miss Jill Cowan.

by every yachting woman, in conjunction with a neat coat and skirt of navy-blue or white serge, and certainly it was a highly becoming costume

to the *chic* tailor-made-build type. To-day, however, tradition in Cowes kit has been swept aside, and the yachting cap and navy-blue or white serge suit is the exception rather than the rule. It is true that one or two notable women still wear the classic dress, including Princess Mary, who looks extremely well in a yachting cap; and the Duchess of Sutherland, whose tall, slender figure is admirably suited by a tailor-made. The Marquise d'Hautpoul, a regular member of the royal party when his Majesty attends Cowes, is another supporter of the smart old-fashioned styles, but in general the *béret* or the pull-on felt hat are worn to-day, and jumper suits rather than coats and skirts enjoy the favour of the smart regatta folk.

Self-Expression in Furniture.

At this time of the year, when country-house visiting is the order of the day, one has plenty of opportunity for observing the latest trend in decoration. In these days of excessive modernity, it has become



DOWN TO THE SEA IN A SILK FROCK AND SCARF: MRS. O'CONNOR DEPARTS FROM THE TRADITIONAL COWES COSTUME.

There have been many variations of the Cowes costume this year, and only two or three women wore the conventional serge jacket and yachting cap. Mrs. O'Connor chose this smart frock of striped silk with a scarf to match, and a neat little coat in the same colourings.



A PERFECT SUMMER HAT OF 1929: THE HON. CECILIA KEPPEL IN A SIMPLE SHADY HAT OF THE FINEST STRAW.

Summer hats are delightfully free from elaboration this year, and this simple hat is smart as well as becoming. The Hon. Cecilia Keppel, one of the loveliest debutantes of the year, was much admired at Goodwood, where she accompanied her grandfather, the Earl of Albemarle.



THE NEATEST SUITS AT COWDRAY PARK: LADY ALEXANDRA METCALFE, LADY LOUIS MOUNTBATTEN, AND MISS LAMBE PROVE THE SMARTNESS OF SIMPLICITY.

Amongst the many delightful dresses at the Cowdray Park Polo Tournament, these three sports ensembles were at once distinctive. Lady Alexandra Metcalfe and Lady Louis Mountbatten each had a trim little military jacket to complete their sleeveless jumper suits.

HEADS:-



The King's head upon a golden coin stamps it as a standard of value, and implies the authoritative backing of all the resources of the State.

The identity of Guinness, its consistent purity and excellence which are guaranteed by the great resources of the largest brewery in the world, are also signified by a "head." Every glass of Guinness when poured from the bottle bears a light and creamy "head" which is quite distinctive and delightful.

During seven reigns Doctors have regarded Guinness as a valuable restorative, a tonic and a pleasant health-giving beverage for everyday use.

GUINNESS

IS GOOD FOR YOU

MARINE CARAVANNING.—XLIV.

By COMMANDER G. C. E. HAMPTON.

BY the time this article appears, Cowes Week will be almost over, and owners will be planning week-end cruises before the opening of Ryde Regatta. A visit to the Solent at this time should convince anyone who hesitates over taking to the water that it affords more possibilities of healthy enjoyment than any other pastime and that, to use an old saying, "the smaller the boat the more the fun."

As a yacht "fashion parade," Cowes and Ryde Weeks are unequalled, for, apart from the actual racing and social functions, they offer the best chance for those who contemplate the purchase of a vessel to see the various types and make up their minds. I cannot recollect any season in which there have been so many craft present. It is true that the Schneider seaplane race that will be flown in early September is an additional attraction this year; but it cannot account for the existing large numbers of yachts in these waters so long before. I am sure, therefore, that the reason lies in the large number of newcomers that have taken to the water in preference to the congested roads. Now, last year many owners of small yachts complained of the way in which "speed-boats" were handled in crowded anchorages, especially in the Solent. To be quite fair to them, many of the helmsmen of these craft have offended through ignorance. Few have any knowledge of the sea, or life afloat in small craft, but they are quite willing to conform to custom if treated in the right way, rather than as public nuisances. Many are unaware, for example, that, when at anchor in sheltered waters, owners of small craft often make it a habit to open their ports, which,

being very near the water, are easily "rolled under" by the wash of a vessel passing at speed. It is not sufficient for them to reduce speed by half, for it is well known that most "speed boats" make more wash at half-speed than when at full-speed. I feel

but if I had one this week at Cowes, I should be tempted to use her for visiting my friends along the coast and transporting them for the day to the various functions in the Solent. There are many places inland to which such a boat could penetrate.

The Arun River, for example, can be entered at Littlehampton, and Arundel and Pulborough reached without negotiating a single lock. This river is very lovely and little used. It can be navigated by quite large cruisers, providing they are not too high out of the water to pass under two low bridges above Arundel. It is much loved by fishermen, and, when I knew it best, provided excellent sea trout fishing towards the end of August, in spite of the large quantity of weed present, which I believe has been reduced recently.

For those in search of a peaceful camping-ground whose boat can pass under Stopham Bridge, there are two deep-water reaches above it that are well worth a visit. This river is tidal as far as Pulborough; so I advise anyone, especially during this dry weather, to navigate it near high water, as it has many sharp bends. For further information, I advise a study of "Bradshaw's Guide to the Inland Waterways" of this country, which can be obtained from Bradshaw House, Surrey Street, Strand. This book should be included in the bookcase of every Marine Caravanner, as it deals in great detail with the many thousands of miles of river and canal of these islands,

about which the average man knows so little.

A very interesting 37-ft. cruiser for demonstration purposes has just been completed by Messrs. Vosper and Co., of Portsmouth. She is fitted with two of the new six-cylinder Morris Marine engines, and will be dealt with in detail in a future article in these pages.



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that a great deal could be done to reduce this trouble by both the Motor-Boat Clubs and those who sell these boats; small notices, for instance, could be fitted in each boat sold setting forth a few rules that deal with "sea etiquette," and a page of all catalogues could be devoted to the same subject.

I am not at the moment an owner of a fast boat,

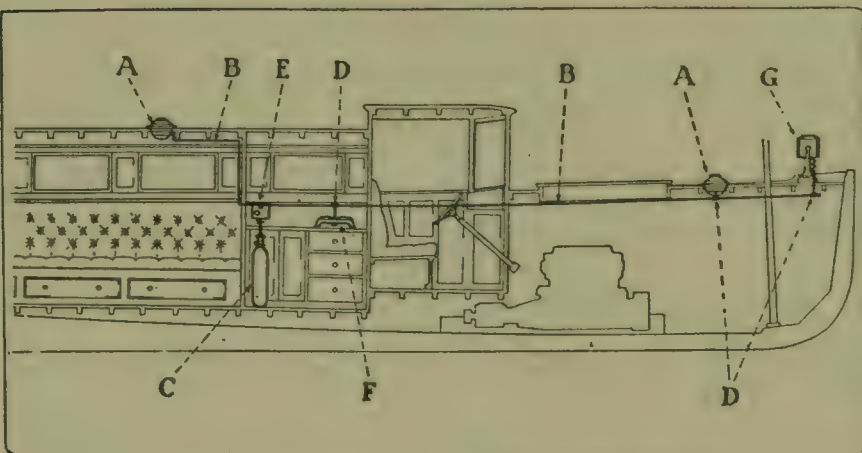


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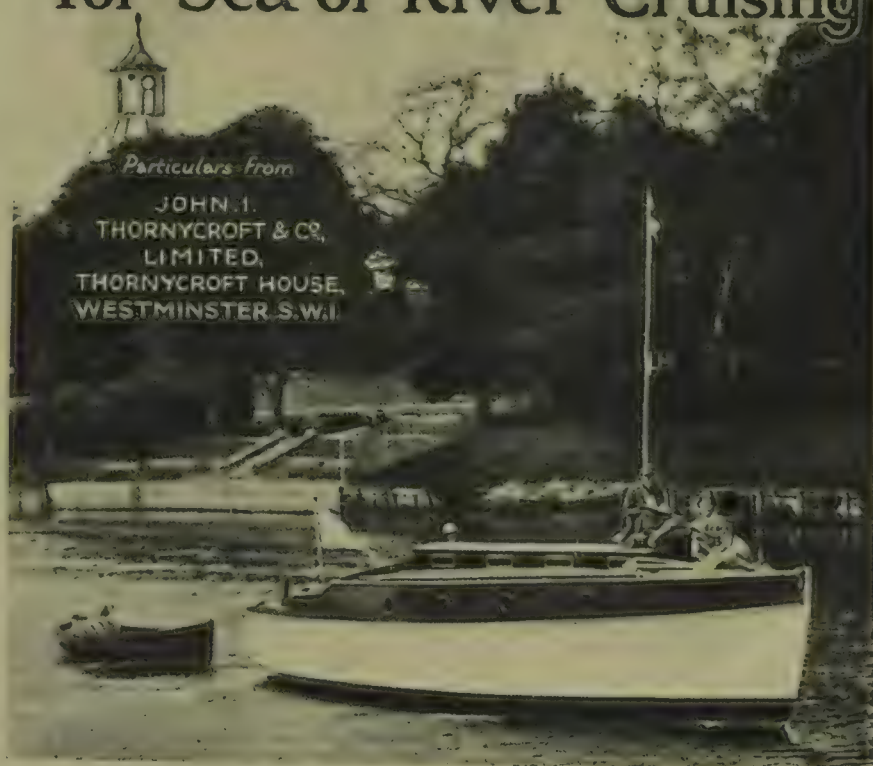
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THE STRUGGLE OF DESIRES.

(Continued from Page 251.)

by the time at his disposal, and by the activity which he is able to display.

In a civilisation in which temptations are multiplied and appetites are over-excited, most men are obliged to select continually from among a great many occasions of spending. It is at once the joy and the torment of our existence. But, as all those choices, whose number is multiplied by millions of consumers, decide the prosperity or ruin of immense industries on which hundreds of thousands of men depend for their means of livelihood, it is easy to imagine that there must be a lively struggle among the tempters. One instance will be sufficient to give an idea of the greatness and complication of the struggle. In ancient times men only drank wine, and very little of it. Beer and mead were only known in ancient times as the drink of a small number of barbarous nations. All Europe drinks either beer or wine to-day, and each of these two drinks invades the territory of the other. There is an important consumption of beer in the wine countries, and an important consumption of wine in the beer countries. To wine and beer we must add cyder, the consumption of which is smaller, and the innumerable family of alcoholic or exciting drinks, including coffee and tea: and one must not forget tobacco, which now affords men another means of escaping from ennui and empty minds by filling them with luke-warm smoke.

All these intoxicating or exciting substances do not exclude each other, but they mutually limit each other. One can like them all; but then one must consume them in limited quantities. If one has a special taste for one of these pleasures, one must, to a certain extent, renounce the others. Wine, beer, alcoholic drinks, coffee, tea, and tobacco are rivals who struggle day and night among themselves over the whole face of the globe; each one strives to defend his custom against the invasions of the others, and lies in wait for opportunities of enlarging it. Coffee and tobacco gained a great deal by the World War; wine and tea appear to have been less fortunate. Enormous financial forces, sometimes States themselves, carry on this struggle. Brazil, one of the most powerful American States, champions coffee, for its finances subsist on the rise and fall in the price of coffee. The British Empire is the protector of tea: considerable English capital is engaged in the cultivation and commerce of this plant. Tobacco is a monopoly in many countries; the State personally is the financier and the grand patron of smoking. The same considerations apply to-day to all other wants, pleasures, and luxuries, whose numbers increase continually; and even to intellectual pleasures. Formerly, each art had its own particular public, which was limited, closed, and

stable. To-day, music, literature, painting, and sculpture have a large and changing public, but they must all struggle continually among themselves to keep their public, which may always disperse in favour of a competing art in their heterogeneous condition of mobility.

We do not yet perceive that struggle between the wants, pleasures, and luxuries, because it has hardly begun. But the civilisation of to-morrow will be filled with the weird tumults it will cause. That is why what is happening with regard to Prohibition in America is so important as a sign of what is preparing. We can predict it without any fear of deceiving ourselves. Religion, morals, science, literature, art, history, philosophies, and popular passions will all be mobilised in this struggle. They will try to convince the people that by preferring one luxury to another they will serve progress, that they will benefit the world, that they will serve their country, render homage to God, that they will put themselves under the protection of science, and will show themselves to be worthy to belong to a great nation. They will turn to account all the accidents of history, wars, revolutions, political and economic crises, just as in a battle every advantage is taken of the ground, so as to advance under cover.

Our civilisation will not escape from the illusions, the exaggerations, the charlatanism, which will be the arms of that great future struggle. All the interests must appear to be disinterested in these struggles which they carry on against rival interests: that is inevitable, even if they have to deceive men with dangerous lies. Besides, men, in their endeavours not to be too much deceived by the lies, will acquire a deeper consciousness of their own faults, wills, and judgments. The act of choice is an operation which always carries with it a chance of mistake, and is, consequently, a lesson. What is so grand and terrible in our present civilisation is that all men, even those who are most ignorant and of least account, have much more choice than formerly, and are, therefore, more responsible.

We must, however, express one wish: and that is that all those great interests should not, while struggling to assure or enlarge their customs, acquire too much the habit of having recourse to the secular arm—that is to say, the authority of the State—as it was formerly expressed. To govern the world has become a difficult task; it would become even more so if the State had too often to intervene and take sides in this struggle between needs, pleasures, and luxuries. Individual liberty, which had won a glorious victory of these later centuries, is already too much menaced everywhere; we do not feel the need of new coercions which would make too great inroads in the sphere of our personal tastes.

It is for this reason that the political complications in connection with Prohibition in America should be attentively

followed. They are only just beginning, but they are already important. That was seen in the last Presidential elections. By her activity and by the simple but resolute logic of her great popular movements, America has begun an experience from which Europe will no doubt profit if she knows how to understand it. America may show us the dangers and inconveniences which are entailed in our civilisation by excessive interference of the State and politics in those domains in which secular traditions have up till now respected the individual's right of free choice.

A FARMER'S WIFE AS HARDY'S "TESS."

THERE are some obvious advantages in having a Dorsetshire woman, a farmer's wife, to play lead in Thomas Hardy's stage version of "Tess of the D'Urbervilles," if, as in Mrs. Gertrude Bugler's case, she has some experience, though only an amateur's, of the stage. Eye and ear are satisfied in respect of the heroine's physique and the dialect respectively. And if the technique of this player is more full-blooded, more high-pitched, more "theatrical," as we say, more like that of the old school, than the kind our modern, naturalistic, drawing-room-toned actors affect, it is not ill-suited to the old-fashioned stiffness and inelasticity which mark not a little of the author's dialogue. But more uniformity would have been secured at the Duke of York's if a country Tess had been surrounded by a country cast. Mrs. Bugler has to play a waiting game; half the play is no more than the skeleton of a play, and her voice is apt to match the tameness of the early scenes with a delivery that is monotonous. But as, even in this poor transcript of a big novel, the note of passion gradually makes itself heard and begins to sweep to climax, the actress responds to her cue, and the best-trained artist could not be more sincere or more poignantly effective than she in the big moment in which Tess, once more in Alec D'Urberville's clutches, faces Angel Clare with the tragic cry, "Too late, too late!" But this sort of Tess is ill-matched with an Angel Clare whose methods are in so much lower, so much more quiet and conversational, a key as Mr. Lawrence Anderson's. The contrast is too great. Even the piquant character-studies, supplied by Miss Drusilla Wills and Miss Barbara Gott seem to belong to a different world from that in which this Tess (whom Hardy approved) has her being and her emotions.



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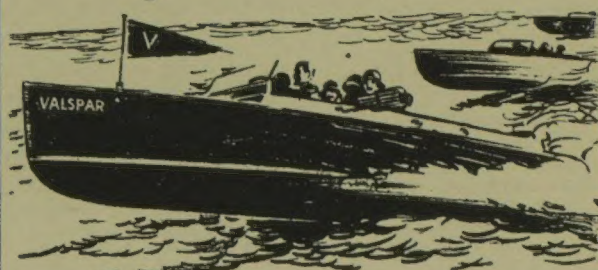
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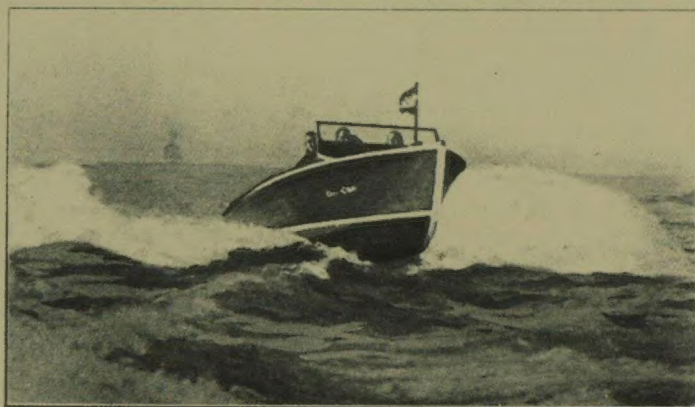
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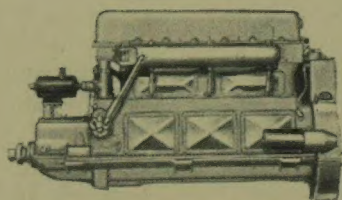
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TYRES IN HOT WEATHER.—THE NEW SPECIAL LAGONDA.

BLAZING hot weather such as we revelled in last month is a boon of summer for which we motorists must always pay the price, and in my daily wanderings about the roads I noticed that it was



THE "TEENY CLUB" COT PRESENTED TO THE ROYAL NATIONAL ORTHOPÆDIC HOSPITAL: PRINCESS LOUISE ACCEPTING IT FROM MISS BETTY BALFOUR (LEFT).

At a garden party held at its country branch—Brockley Hill, Stanmore—the other day, the Royal National Orthopædic Hospital was given the "Teeny Club" Cot founded by the members of the "Daily Chronicle" Teeny Club. The presentation was made, on behalf of the Club, by Miss Betty Balfour, the well-known film actress, and it was received by H.R.H. Princess Louise.

being paid in full. I have seldom seen so many cars suffering from tyre troubles as during the latter part of the heat-wave and the week succeeding it. The garages must have done a roaring trade, to make up for the falling-off supposed to be due to the all-round improvements in manufacture of which we have been told.

What Outer Covers Have to Endure.

Certainly I should be inclined to believe in the improvement of most makes of outer covers. They were put through a very hard time during those warm days. Most of them were probably insufficiently inflated to start with,

and so were already inclined to weakness in the wall. Then came those blissful days of eighty in the shade, and the pressure automatically rose, very likely to undesirable figures. They were left in the sun by careless owners, and, we can be fairly certain, were driven hard in the cool of the evening, when the roads became pleasant again. Nearly all the tyre troubles of which I was a sympathetic witness were of the puncture and nipped-tube order—very few of the burst cover—which looks as if the makers' claims were justified. For myself, I enjoyed an incredible period of immunity over nearly the whole of July, a period for which I am most mysteriously beginning to pay now. I am, however, used to this sort of thing, and everyone knows that tyre troubles come in epidemics, and are governed by no known rules.

The Stronghold Liner.

And touching this painful matter of troubles, I have a report to make on the behaviour of the Stronghold tyre liners, which I think is of some interest to those who, like myself, are anxious to postpone buying new tyres as long as possible. In the preliminary report I gave in *The Illustrated London News* some weeks ago I mentioned the makers' claim that the life of an averagely worn cover might be expected to be increased by 5000 miles with careful usage, and that the risk of puncture would be very largely minimised. Five thousand miles seems to me altogether too good to be true. I do not say I disbelieve this claim, but I am

doing my best to prove that it has no foundation—which is what I imagine the makers wish me to do. At present, out of the four old covers to which the liners were fitted, two have since done about 1400 miles. Of these two I have discarded one, as the tread was almost completely worn away, and holes had appeared in the fabric. These holes were made during a fairly fast trip to Scotland and back, during which time I had no tyre troubles at all.

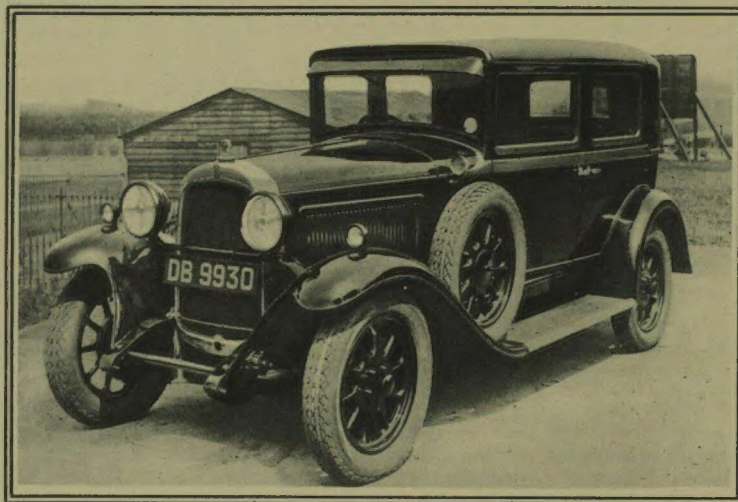
Sixpence 100 Miles?

The two covers which are now fitted to the front wheels of my car have done about 13,000 and 14,000 miles respectively. The fourth is being used as a spare. These liners cost 14s. for covers of about 29 by 5 in. dimensions; and, as I can presumably count on 1500 additional miles, I am postponing the buying of new covers at the price of about 1s. for every 100 miles. It may indeed come to considerably less than that—let us hope so. In the meantime I have found that my particular suspicions of these liners were almost groundless. I expected to find that the steering would be heavy, or that there would be considerable wheel-wobble, or that the tyres would ride hard—frankly, I expected an accumulation of all three.

Slight Wheel-Wobble.

I have discovered that there is a very slight suspicion of wheel-wobble at about forty-five miles per hour, but it is really insignificant, and I doubt if I should have noticed it if I had not been very keenly on the look-out for it. With the normal inflation I use, of about thirty pounds to the inch, I certainly found the tyres ran hard, but, as I was advised that they could safely be run at much lower pressures, I have reduced it to about twenty-four pounds, and greatly improved their flexibility.

[Continued overleaf.]



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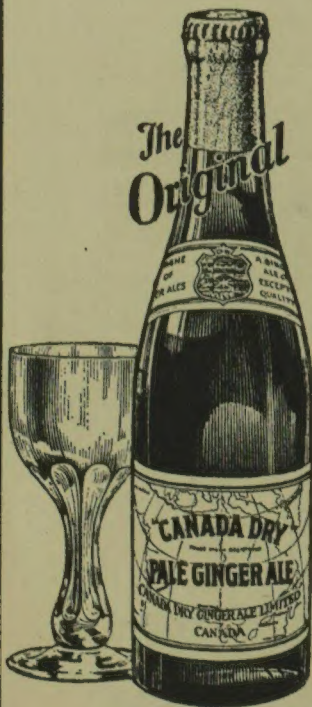
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Continued.) Another drawback I fully expected was over-heating, but here, too, I found I was wrong. The tyres ran just as coolly as the other two which have not got the liners fitted, even in the hottest weather. These Strongholds certainly strike me as a practical attempt to increase tyre life. As I said, even if they fail me to-day, I shall have had good value for my 14s., while, if they last the guaranteed distance, I shall have an unusually interesting report, to make in my weekly article. The makers are Saul D. Harrison and Sons, Brunswick Road, Bromley, Bow, E.14.

The New Special Lagonda. I had a very interesting trial run a short time ago with the identical special six-cylinder 3-litre Lagonda which ran first in its class in the six-hours' race at Brooklands. This is an entirely new model, and belongs to the class of really high-speed touring cars. Although it looks very much like a semi-racing car, and although it has a high maximum speed, it is one of the best mannered cars I have ever driven on the road. It has good acceleration on all gears, and, if you feel so disposed, you can drive it at the proverbial crawl on top speed.

Real Comfort. It is a particularly easy car to handle, with quite first-class steering, a really good gear-change, and very efficient brakes. The body-work, which was designed for the race and is standard, is far more comfortable than it looks, and for those who want a fast, well-sprung car for long-distance touring, this Lagonda should repay careful inspection. The engine is quite different in design to that of the 2-litre 14-h.p. four-cylinder model. The six-cylinders have a bore and stroke of 72 by 120, which implies a £20 annual tax, the valves being operated by push-rods and rockers. Although there is nothing startling about the design of the engine or chassis, there is ample evidence of good engineering. The familiar Lagonda chassis lubrication has been kept, by which lubrication of inaccessible points is carried out through pipes brought to convenient central racks on either side of the frame. The gear-box, which is unusually large, has four forward speeds, the third being geared fairly high. The wheel-base is 10 ft. 9 in., and the weight of the chassis 24 cwt. A thoroughly solid and reliable-looking job, of which the price is £1000, or £1100 for a four-door Weymann saloon or Sportsman's saloon.

JOHN PRIOLEAU.

CHESS.

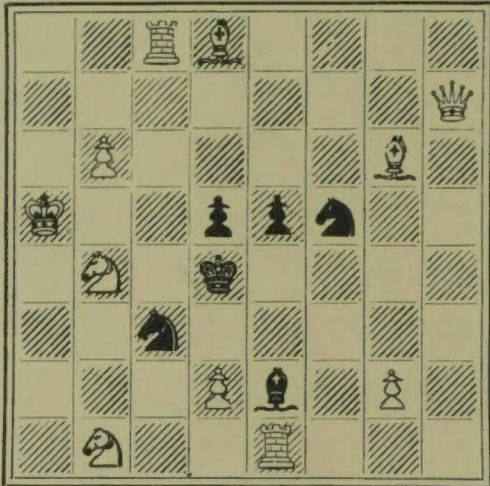
CONDUCTED BY ERNEST IRVING.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Letters intended for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor, I.L.N., Inveresk House, 346, Strand, W.C.2.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 4051.—(By A. J. FENNER, TONBRIDGE.) [1b2bS2; 6s1; Q7; 5krs; 2p1R2P; 7P; 8; KB6—In two moves.] Keymove: QR6 [Qa6—h6]; threat Q×R.

If 1. — RKt3; 2. RK6!; if 1. — RKt3, P×R; if 1. — RKt6 2. RK3; if 1. — RKt7, 2. RK2; if 1. — RKt8, 2. RK1; if 1. — BK4ch, 2. RQ4!; if 1. — KtK3, 2. Q×Kt; etc. There is a multiple mate after 1. — BB5, but it does not damage the main play, which is the release of the White Rook by movements of the Black Rook. Some of the mates are not too easy to find, and we like particularly those after RKt3 and BK4ch. We have to thank Mr. Fenner for another pretty problem.

PROBLEM No. 4053.—By T. C. EVANS (CLAPHAM). BLACK (6 pieces).



WHITE (11 pieces). [In Forsyth Notation: 2RB4; 7Q; 1P4B1; K2pps2; 1Srk4; 255; 3Pbr1; 1S2R3.] White to play, and mate in two moves.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

R B COOKE (Portland, Me.).—We are sorry, too, for the wasted hours on the vanisher, but if you look again at the pawns, and settle which files they originally started from, you will find we are right. A EDMESTON (Llandudno).—In Game Problem XXVI your move of 2PK6 is ingenious, but how do you continue if Black plays 2. — PB4? And in your own analysis surely 4. — BB4 is better than KB3! C CHAPMAN (Modderfontein).—Any legal move may be the key to a problem, and we have never made a "rule" that checking moves

cannot be allowed. Any obviously strong move such as a check would be a very bad key, unless necessary to accomplish a "task," and we have, therefore, repeatedly warned novices not to be satisfied with a check or capture without careful examination. In this case the theme is the sevenfold sacrifice of the Queen, and the fact that the checking square is seven times guarded put many solvers off the track, the check on K4 being the last move tried.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 4050 from C Chapman (Modderfontein), and J Hambleton (Penang); of No. 4051 from Antonio Ferreira (Porto), John Hannan (Newburgh, N.Y.), A G Z (New York), and R B Cooke (Portland, Me.); of No. 4052 from M Barrett (Lambeth), P J Wood (Wakefield), M E Jowett (Grange-over-Sands), Mrs. Newton Braby (Folkestone), H Richards (Hove), and P Rose (London). Of Game Problem No. XXVII from A Mestrom (Venlo, Holland), and A Edmeston (Llandudno); of No. XXVIII from L W Caferata (Newark), and H Richards (Hove).

WILFUL WASTE.

At the request of several readers we give the game from the Tchigorin-Gunsberg match from which Game Problem No. XXVI. was quoted. It was played about forty years ago, and it is pleasant to know that Gunsberg, so blessed with luck on this occasion, is still a potent force in the world of Chess.

(Evans Gambit.)

WHITE (Tchigorin.)	BLACK (Gunsberg.)	WHITE (Tchigorin.)	BLACK (Gunsberg.)
1. PK4	PK4	And now 21. QRB1 would have sufficed.	
2. KtKB3	KtQB3		KB4
3. BB4	BB4	21. QB2ch	
4. PQKt4	B×P	As solvers of our Game Problems will have discovered, White could have mated in 9 by 22. RB1ch, but now he has a draw.	
5. PB3	BB4	22. KQ4	
6. Castles	PQ3	23. QKt3ch	KB3
7. PQ4	P×P	24. QR4ch	KQ4
8. P×P	BKt3		
	The normal position.		
9. KtB3	KtR4		
10. BKKt5	KtK2		
	The moderns would play PKB3 here. Gunsberg, always a bold player, chooses Tchigorin's set variation, named after Göring.		
11. B×Pch!			
	The Russian master springs a mine—the usual move being KtQ5.		
11. K×B			
12. KtQ5	QKtB3		
12. — RK1 is probably better.			
13. B×Kt	Kt×B		
14. KtKt5ch	KKt3?		
	This is disastrous; much better is 14. — KK1, 15. QR5ch, KtKt3; 16. Kt×RP, QR5; 17. Q×Ktch, KQ1, etc.		
15. KtB4ch	KB3		
15. — K×Kt; 16. QR5ch and mate follows; however, White now compels his opponent to capture both Knights.			
16. PK5ch	P×P		
17. P×Pch	K×Kt		
18. QR5ch!	K×Kt		
19. PKt3ch			
19. QRKt1, BKt5; 20. PKt3ch, KB6; 21. QKt5, etc. was a simple and effective line here.			
19. KRK1ch	KK5		
20. KRK1ch	KQ5		
21. QKt1ch			

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